Volume LXXXVII No. 22 March 8, 1968 30 cents

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IDEOLOGY ON CAMPUS

Michael Novak sees professors becoming like kept women of the American way of life.

THE TONKIN AFFAIR

John Galloway recalls Senator Fulbright's unwitting role in the Vietnam escalation.

DEATH OF A FRIEND

Emeric Lawrence & William Clancy reflect on the life and death of Hans Ansgar Reinhold

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NEWS AND VIEWS

The New York Athletic Club's membership policies relating to Negroes and Jews were sufficiently suspect to have caused the Dioceses of Brooklyn, Rockville Centre, the New York Archdiocese, Manhattan College, Villanova and Georgetown to decline to enter teams from their schools in the NYAC's recent 100th anniversary indoor games.

But not so Seton Hall, St. John's, Mount St. Mary's, Catholic University, Providence, Fordham, Iona and Holy Cross—all of whom competed.

As justice would have it, civil rights demonstrators caught the Providence and Holy Cross teams in a darkened bus trying to run the picket line thrown around Madison Square Garden for the meet. Diverted from one entrance, the bus swerved to another, the picketers hot in pursuit. There the bus hurriedly disgorged its passengers, ingloriously clad in sweatshirts advertising the names "Holy Cross" and "Providence."

The New York *Times* tells what happened next:

"The trackmen, obviously frightened, raced into Penn Station, directly beneath the Garden, with railway policemen accompanying them. Some startled travelers were nearly bowled over.

"Finally, the trackmen eluded the pursuers by scampering up an escalator to street level and ducking behind police barricades."

Thus, in frightened flight from civil rights demonstrators (and, some are tempted to conclude, from the social issues which they personified) did Holy Cross and Providence College make their debut in the new Madison Square Garden. It was not a moment for either school to enshrine in its annals.

•

The American branch of *L'Association des Amis de Pierre Teilhard de Chardin*, after three years of relatively inconspicuous existence, is looking to broaden its membership rolls.

The U.S. group had its beginnings in February, 1965, when some 20 scholars met in New York for the first of a series of informal discussions under the leadership of Dr. Pierre Dansereau, Robert T. Francoeur and the late Dr. John V. Walsh. The group incorporated on April 8, 1967, and this month is issuing its first newsletter.

Purpose of the group is "to unite with others in a centration of interests and talents to extend knowledge of Father Teilhard's thought to the widest possible audience."

The group's headquarters are at 157 East 72nd Street, New York City 10021. Membership inquiries should be directed to The American Teilhard de Chardin Association at that address.

•

Father Claude Leetham, an English Rosminian attached to Mt. Mercy College in Pittsburgh, writes of the American nun in an *Overview* "close-up":

"Compared with other nuns, the American Sisters are the only ones who look you straight in the eye, who talk frankly, who are not afraid of friendship or enmity, who laugh out loud, who move at good pedestrian speeds, and who drive cars competitively. Of course, they have their problems. To an observer the chief one is overwork. Sisters are expected (and only in America) to teach crowded classes during the year, and then to spend their summer in endless pursuit of credits, refresher courses, poverty and social programs. Some are still chasing a master's degree at the age of 45. They work in difficult conditions with inadequate resources. They do not even have authority in their own schools. It is the pastor who crowds the classrooms, not the Sisters. A Sister told me recently that even the method of inserting pins in the bulletin board is prescribed by her pastor."

•

The New York *Times*' School Service Newsletter for February features a background piece by Bernard Weinraub, a *Times*man in Vietnam:

"At 10 in the morning in Saigon it's 9 p.m. the previous night in New York. Once the 'war' story is updated for the *Times* second edition, we are making phone calls, setting up appointments and walking two blocks to the JUSPAO (Joint U.S. Public Affairs Office) building, a gray and gloomy building that is jammed with information officers, spokesmen, psychological warfare specialists and an assortment of overlapping military and civilian functionaries. To a number of these officers . . . their link with—and knowledge of—the war is minimal.

"In some cases there is also a rather brutal and remarkable insensitivity to death. At one of those 'deep background' sessions a brigadier general said with a smile: 'Well, I'm happy to say that the Army's casualties finally caught up with the Marines' last week . . . the Army should be doing its job too.' The bureau chief of Reuters turned to me and whispered: 'My God, this is straight out of *Catch-22*' . . .

"In Saigon, to send your story you walk four empty and silent blocks at 1 a.m.—except for the big rats squealing in the street, except for the deserted children staring wildly from doorways, except for the rumble of artillery that shakes windows and sounds too close. And suddenly—nightly—you feel that Saigon is suffocating, that the city has lost its breath and is dying."

•

Louis F. Buckley's survey of Notre Dame's healthy, wealthy and happy class of '28 ($20,000 median income, .05 percent divorce rate, 1.4 percent DT incident) placed Everett Dirksen foremost among political leaders, with an approval rating of 81 percent (Lyndon Johnson had 44 percent), and Pope John first among world leaders of our time with a rating of 70 percent (Pope Paul was a low 9 percent).

Father Theodore Hesburgh, N.D. president, and Cardinal Spellman received 91 and 73 percent approval ratings, respectively, in the ranking of personalities connected with issues. Martin Luther King received a 70 percent disapproval rating. JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Black Joan

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: I was shocked at John Simon's attack on Diana Sands in your Feb. 2 issue, not so much because of *his* involvement (he has been known for bad taste in the past and will, I dare say, again) but for your (editorial) complicity in allowing paragraph 6 to stand in a magazine that obviously maintains an anti-racist policy.

The crack about "Harlem substandard" is an odious escapee from the red pencil nor did I enjoy the way that the editor let Simon's racist linkage of "Negro" and "mock of history" in sentence four escape deletion.

Finally, a general slap on Simon's critical wrists for his ridiculous claims that there would be a hue and cry if *Porgy and Bess* was put on by whites or the *Emperor Jones* played by a white. *Hello Dolly* in its current version has not enraged anyone that I've heard of save maybe Rap Brown, and Laurence Olivier played *Othello* with great success several years ago—and if Simon wants to split hairs (a favorite pastime of his) *The Emperor Jones* and *The Hairy Ape* could *both* be played by a white or black man.

MICHAEL C. D. MACDONALD

Reply

New York, N.Y.

For Mr. Macdonald's benefit, let me explain the obvious. "Harlem substandard," referring to a performer's speech, is not a crack but a statement of fact. Just as housing and schools are substandard in Harlem, so is the English learned there—a sad but obvious consequence. There is no "racist linkage"—whatever that vague phrase may precisely mean—in my saying that to turn Saint Joan into a Negro makes mock of history. A historical play such as Shaw's, which tries to recreate an event from the known facts, which strives to interpret history rather than fabricate it,

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COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.
Second-class postage paid in Philadelphia, Pa. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave, New York, NY 10016 MUrray Hill 3-2042. *Copyright © 1968 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.*
US and Canada, $9 a year. Foreign $11.

A PROBLEM OF PATRIOTISM

Back in July, 1966—well before the war in Vietnam had reached levels of savageness and irresponsibility which only the most pessimistic then held possible—Dr. John C. Bennett reflected in *Christianity and Crisis* that the war's escalation made it difficult to be an American. It was a startling statement at the time, but one which the obsessiveness of the American military with slaughter and destruction is turning into a commonplace. Not just the rabble-rousers are finding it difficult these days to be an American, but reserved, sensitive types and others who would ordinarily be instinctive patriots. Hence the phenomena of Ivy League student leaders affirming readiness to go to jail or leave the country rather than serve in Vietnam; of sailors jumping ship in Japan and soldiers seeking asylum in Sweden in protest against the war; of young Americans defecting to Canada and other countries that will grant them the sanctuary which their consciences impel them to seek. This is something new in American life and it cannot be explained away by attributing to those who choose this witness the defects of the stereotype traitor or coward—at least not without suggesting that the character of a substantial part of one whole generation of Americans has radically changed, which it hasn't. The rebellion of young Americans against their inheritance of violence is entirely to their credit, and is not the reflection on them that it is on those who provided them their legacy.

But it is not just the young who find it difficult these days to be an American; so do multiplying numbers of the older generations. They hardly need articulate their feeling. It is subtle and suppressed, but nevertheless sufficiently observable to rattle Dean Rusk into barracks-room profanity and the proclamation to newsmen that "I'm on our side"—an astonishing declaration coming from a Secretary of State and one that clues the public to the gnawing doubt that exists high in the Administration about the prevalent

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sympathies of the American people. It is a doubt well-founded. And here, again, it is not a case of a segment of the populace having become corrupt or grown disloyal, but of people so appalled by the barbarism of American involvement in Vietnam that they find their sympathies playing strange tricks on them, shifting from the valiant fighting men, who are the usual objects of solicitude with the folks back home, to the millions of civilians around whom the war rages and whose safety is held about as sacred as that of field mice.

The events of the weeks since Tet have contributed strongly to the unsettling of sympathies among many Americans. The almost literal turning of the war to one against South as well as North Vietnam has impressed on Americans the extremes of their leaders' military passions. Few need U Thant to tell them that "the ugliness of the war is matched only by its futility," and that the point has been reached where "the very survival of Vietnam is at stake." The TV newsreels make that plain beyond words. Nor do Americans need British Anglican bishops or anyone else to tell them how close the United States is to prostituting religious idealism and the political and social value systems that have historically nourished the nation and which led it to Vietnam in the first place. The collective American conscience is pricking them on those points. They know that the decimation of a people and the devastation of a country are not the achievement of purpose in Vietnam, and they worry that the net result of American military persistence toward those inevitabilities will be a political isolation for the United States comparable to its current moral isolation. For, of course, if Vietnam is what the United States means by preserving freedom and justice and by breathing democracy into a people, foolhardy would be the nation in difficulty that henceforth solicited American interest in its cause.

The irony of the blistering of Vietnam, however, is that even the victory of the despot and the spoil of a ravaged land may be out of the reach of the United States. The Tet offensive has made painfully clear the capability of the Viet Cong not only to withstand American might (up to the level at least of nuclear weapons, which, God forbid, the U.S. would use in Vietnam), but also to rout this might with a firepower and superior strategy of its own. Indeed, the situation is such that the *Wall Street Journal*, in some quarters the epitome of hard common sense, is speculating that the entire Vietnam effort is down the drain and that Americans "had better be prepared for the bitter taste of a defeat beyond America's power to prevent." The *Journal* counsels that "the American people should be getting ready to accept, if they haven't already," this prospect of doom.

These are unpleasant words to the American ear, but they are words to be heeded. For even without formal battlefield capitulation, Vietnam is a defeat beyond rescue. The original objectives for U.S. intervention have all been vitiated. Vietnam is a rubble heap. To continue the fighting or, worse still, to escalate further out of stubbornness or some curious quirk of pride—as the United States seems on the verge of doing—would only be to compound disaster.

The Administration must be brought to its senses on Vietnam, but the question is how? The Presidential elections are still nine months removed; the Congressional inquiry asked by Senator Fulbright is more a hope than a real prospect; and the thought of a formal Viet Cong victory is not particularly tasteful. The thing is that the Administration must act soon to end the war or it will have on its hands a citizenry so alienated by American arms and tactics that Americans will actually welcome a Viet Cong victory. There is something perverse about this thought, but the Administration will drive the people to it, if it does not change its course soon so that Americans can once more be comfortable about their Americanism.

THE THREAT OF VIOLENCE

Those whose task it is to comment in any way on public affairs face a hard choice in the matter of possible urban riots next summer. On the one hand, there is the obligation to call attention in season and out to the riot-spawning social conditions in the ghettos and to the general gravity of the situation. It was in this spirit, we are sure, that the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations recently prepared its strongly-worded report; in the course of it the Commission declared that the failure of government to prevent rioting, despair and "threatened anarchy" in the nation's large cities has brought the federal system to the brink of its greatest crisis since the Civil War. On the other hand there is some danger that prophecies of trouble next summer may, at least in part, be self-fulfilling.

This last was one of the points made recently by Daniel P. Moynihan, director of the Joint Center for Urban Studies at Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In an address to school administrators the former Assistant Secretary of Labor warned that violence was a serious danger to the nation's stability and that "an immediate and passionate objection" must be entered against "any voice that gives aid and comfort to the present drift of events" toward more and more reliance on violence. Decrying those who accepted certain forms of violence as "legitimate expressions of grievance" and "something we can live with," Mr. Moynihan said: "In fact, we cannot live with it. Violence is never inevitable and never admissible in this society." Our political system, he went on, "is under tremendous and perhaps fateful strain," and the "common, and quite possibly groundless, assumption—did not President Johnson lend credence to it the other day?—that there will be monstrous rioting next summer is just that—monstrous."

Few of us like violence, and Mr. Moynihan's warning

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has to be taken seriously. Yet how does one prevent violence? Would the threat of violence in the cities disappear if all editorial writers entered into agreement not to suggest the possibility, not to say likelihood, that it will occur? Last year Congress passed a special appropriation of $75 million to finance an emergency youth employment program—an effort on which Vice President Humphrey did a very good job. This year, according to the N.Y. *Times,* President Johnson is asking for only $35 million to pay for this operation, with the money to come out of the year-round community action program—which in turn involves a 10 percent cutback in that urban effort. President Johnson is giving considerable attention to the training of hard-core unemployed, but other parts of the picture are alarming: there will be room for 13,000 fewer children in Head Start classes, 16 Job Corps centers will be closed, the Neighborhood Youth Corps will be able to help 170,000 fewer high-school age children from low-income families. The chances of expanding existing programs or starting new ones are just about nil.

Partisans of LBJ may argue that his recent message on urban housing more than makes up for all of this. We would like to agree, but we cannot. His message is, as the N.Y. *Times* put it, "a comprehensive but essentially conservative document." To anyone who confronts the magnitude of the housing problem in our urban slums, Mr. Johnson's proposals are bound to seem too little; to anyone who has some idea of the urgency of the problem they are bound to seem too late. It sounds impressive to say that the President has called for replacing six million units of substandard housing over the next ten years, and the fact that Mr. Johnson tries to integrate private capital into the program is all to the good. In fact, however, there is almost no chance that the program will become reality, if for no other reason than the fact that Congress is not about to provide the funds necessary to get it under way. In his message the President told Congress: "There is no time to lose." He is, of course, right, but the chances that his message will produce an all-out attack on urban rot at this point are negligible. And who would deny slum housing is a big factor in the rioting?

In one sense, of course, the villain in all this is the Vietnam war, for which spending is running at the rate of $30 billion a year. But if Congress knew more cities would burn next year as Detroit did last year, would not the money for constructive programs be found somehow, the Vietnam war notwithstanding? And if this is so, who is to blame for violence, the man who keeps his lips sealed or the man who says violence is almost inevitable unless something is done?

NEXT WEEK

Comments on the symposium, "The Troubled Priest":

ROBERT ADOLFS: "The cross of our time and of our generation is the downfall and eventual destruction of a Church-system. Still, we haven't any idea how painful it is to bear this cross, especially for priests."

CHARLES DAVIS: "Much of the recent writing about 'troubled priests' and similar issues is froth because it dodges the question of faith. What has happened in the Roman Catholic Church is the cessation of belief in the doctrines to which it appealed for its legitimation as an institution."

WILLIAM H. DU BAY: "Many priests are still unaware of the fantastic power they wield within the Church, just because they do the lion's share of the Church's work."

Some of the News That's Fit to Print

One of the major instruments for keeping in touch with reality and each other is, of course, the press; and it is in keeping the faithful informed of a changing world that the Catholic press has failed most. The failure threatens to become total if the Catholic press (by this I mean primarily the 120-odd U.S. diocesan newspapers) does not reform itself quickly. The reform has started to a certain extent. But recent developments indicate that much of it is misdirected, that "advances" made may provide more of an opporunity for self-congratulations than cause for hope.

A brief description of a recent "victory" won by the Catholic Press Association illustrates the point. The battle was a set-piece action, laid on ground staked out nearly 50 years ago, the first time a bishop censored copy prepared by the National Catholic News Service. By the early 1960s, that censor's pencil—usually wielded by the general secretary of the U.S. Catholic Conference, which sponsors NC News—had reduced the nation's only comprehensive source of Catholic news to a bland purveyor of certain bishops' pet views and news of their favorite charities, and had stifled whatever urge existed to indulge in original newsgathering. But by 1967, Pope John, a Vatican Council, John Courtney Murray and the *National Catholic Reporter* had appeared. Much of the most heavy-handed censorship had gone, a victim of the pressure brought by these men and events, and by the secular press's interest in religious affairs. In its place remained a legacy, however, of quasi-freedom, to be exercised one day and stifled the next. It was in this climate that the battle was waged, and "victory" won.

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When the *National Catholic Reporter* published the hitherto-secret reports of the papal birth control commission, the story was quashed at NC. As the nation buzzed over one of the greatest religious newsbreaks of the decade, NC News Service remained silent on orders of Bishop Paul Tanner, general secretary of the U.S. Catholic Conference, who was recently named Bishop of St. Augustine, Florida. The reaction to the story was mixed among members of NC's staff. Some felt *NCR*'s story was improper, but none liked Bishop Tanner's plain-spoken and heavy-footed "No" to the handling of a news follow-up to it. Yet there was little they could do. When word of Bishop Tanner's action reached the ears of some diocesan editors, they were in a better position to take action. And many were of a mind to since, to them, the Tanner action amounted to a double-cross, a breach of a promise made scarcely four months before.

In February, 1967, a group of editors—all members of a special Catholic Press Association committee which maintains liaison between diocesan editors and NC News Service—had held their annual meeting with editors of NC News and with NC's episcopal chairman, Bishop Clarence Issenman of Cleveland. At the end of the meeting, they came away with a promise that Issenman and NC would tolerate no more censorship. Bishop Tanner agreed to respect the agreement. Then *NCR* broke its birth control story, and Tanner ignored his earlier assurances. While the daily papers trumpeted the news that a majority of the commission recommended change, the diocesan press was left groping for copy. Many editors read the silence from NC as official displeasure and maintained a discreet silence; some wrote their own stories, or used copy serviced by Religious News Service in New York. None liked the position in which they were placed.

A month later, the Catholic Press Association held its annual convention in Toronto, at which it approved a tart letter to Archbishop John Dearden of Detroit, President of the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops—and Tanner's boss—outlining the agreement and the manner in which it had been broken. Issenman was also reminded of the agreement, and both prelates were asked to see that the agreement be observed. Letters were exchanged, and by mid-summer the editors had what they wanted: strong assurances all around that it would not happen again, that NC would be free to publish reports on newsbreaks such as *NCR*'s. Apparently it hasn't happened again, and the CPA action—and Issenman's reaction—have since been hailed as opening a door to a new era of freedom in the Catholic press.

The editors got what they wanted, but not what they needed. Instead of ushing in a new era of freedom, the "victory" only lifted a little of the old gloom. But the story is nevertheless instructive. First, it illustrates the time and energy which editors of Catholic publications are willing to devote to pursuing their goals. It also illustrates how imperfect is their conception of the proper goals of the Catholic press. The operative part of the agreement was that which assured NC News Service's right to publish news which others have already made public. There was no assurance that the News Service would be able to publish original reports. After almost 50 years, NC—and by implication, the rest of the "official" Catholic press—was still not encouraged, even was discouraged, from seeking its own news. The Catholic diocesan press was still at the mercy of the publicist and the propagandist; it was still reliant on handouts, unsolicited dispatches from correspondents of uneven quality, themselves often heavily censored or restricted by local bishops, and on rewrites of the daily press.

Nor is this policy statement the only barrier to original reporting. NC—and most diocesan papers—are short-staffed, lack control over their own finances and seem to lack the organizational expertise which enables some to produce a superior product despite other limitations. Since experience has shown that original reporting has few rewards, fewer still are sought. Winners of the annual CPA awards for reporting are seldom better than routine efforts mounted by respectable daily newspapers. And the best of these efforts often focus on local "secular" problems, rather than those which afflict the Catholic community peculiarly. This is not to say that diocesan papers should ignore poverty, politics or civil rights. But the great concern exhibited in these areas is seldom matched by a similar concern for the local liturgy, the needs of the Catholic schools, the employment policies of Catholic hospitals, or a growing lay movement. I doubt that it is accidental. Nor is it accidental that NC News Service covers the U.S. Supreme Court quite thoroughly, but has never surveyed the bishops on the reported backlog in the Church's matrimonial courts, or asked its Rome bureau to ask the Vatican why it takes years for priests to be laicized.

Much of this lack of original reporting on significant ecclesiastical matters stems from the fact that too many editors—even the best—look too hard at the atrocities of the past, and give too little thought to the possibilities of the future. And, as we at NC News Service have discovered at times, they often are quick to look to others, rather than themselves, for leadership and courage. Some of the last courageous diocesan editors are quick to criticize censorship of NC; shortly after 1967's showdown, one vocal member of the CPA liaison committee refused to send a story to NC because his own bishop considered it too "sensitive." It is no accident, under these circumstances, that the censorship battle of 1967 was fought over NC News Service, rather than some diocesan newspaper.

A final word. The Catholic press has a duty to serve its readers, and that service need not be equivalent to muckraking. It need not be undertaken stridently. It definitely should not be construed as propaganda—either

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that of the right or of the left. There's too much of that now, crowding out the information. The Catholic press may complain when a bishop reacts to being criticized in his own newspaper. Both reaction and complaint are often proper. But the diocesan newspaper, in a very real sense, does not belong to the bishop any more than it belongs to the editor. It is a public trust and both are duty bound to administer it in the interests of the real "owners"—the readers.

But criticism is only a shadow issue. Criticism is not what marks the press as unique. Its ability to disseminate information clearly, accurately and without bias, does. And there is too little of that kind of information in the diocesan press. JOHN R. SULLIVAN

(John R. Sullivan is a reporter for the NC News Service in Washington, D.C.)

How to Bell the Neo-Nazis

The growth of the neo-Nazi National Democratic Party (NPD) in West Germany is causing world-wide concern. Electoral successes by the NPD have brought them representation in six out of ten state parliaments. These local gains have sparked fears that NPD chairman Adolf von Thadden might make good his recent boast that the party can win up to 50 seats (out of 518) in the national *Bundestag* (parliamentary) elections in November, 1969. If so, the neo-Nazis will become an established political entity on the national scene.

However, like the problem of "belling the cat" in the proverbial fairy tale, the task of restricting the NPD is not nearly so easy as outside critics suppose. So far, Interior Minister Paul Luecke has not been able to outlaw the party without at the same time infringing on vital democratic procedures. West Germany has been accused of being inconsistent for permitting the NPD to exist while prohibiting the Communist Party by law. Recently, however, the government is seriously considering the rehabilitation of the Communist Party as part of its overall opening to the left and rapprochement with eastern European countries and the Soviet Union. In view of this, it is hardly likely that the NPD will be prohibited as long as it continues to operate within the letter of the law.

Indirectly the Christian Democratic Union (CDU) has unsuccessfully attempted to destroy the NPD's chances for national representation by advocating a radical change in the voting system. The present voting system, the proportionate election system (*Verhältniswahlrecht*), is more favorable to the smaller parties, allowing any party winning more than 5 percent in a federal election to be represented in parliament and, by possible coalition with one of the two big parties, even to be represented in the cabinet.

The proposed new electoral system (*Mehrheitswahlrecht*), which would be based on the relative majority, would practically eliminate from the parliament all small parties and fringe groups, not only the radical right (NPD), but also the radical left (*Deutsche Friedens Union*-DFU), and would thus prevent them from gaining ground in federal politics. By eliminating the small parties, it is sought to give the voter a clear choice between the leading government and opposition parties.

The only thing wrong with this is that the two-party system hasn't been working. For one thing, the two big parties Christian Democratic Union-Christian Social Union (CDU-CSU) and Social Democrats (SPD) had to form a coalition government last year in a desperate effort to have any kind of government at all. This has left the tiny Free Democratic Party (FDP), with a mere 49 seats in the *Bundestag* (parliament) as the sole parliamentary opposition. If the electoral reforms were taking place now or in 1969, not only would this virtually eliminate the NPD from parliament but it would also cripple or destroy the FDP and thereby eliminate the only democratic parliamentary opposition the country has at the present time.

The Social Democrats (SPD) have torpedoed the electoral voting proposals, and have suggested the reform for 1973, by which time the coalition will, they hope, have served its purpose and the country can return to a "normal" two-party situation.

Meanwhile, the NPD is not the real root of the danger to German democracy but the growing restlessness among the various groups comprising what is called the "extra-parliamentary opposition."

The awakening of national consciousness has unleashed a widespread dissatisfaction with the existing political parties. This is manifested not only by the radical Right, such as the NPD, but an astonishing outburst on the Left, mostly from student bodies. Partly, this nationwide student rebellion is simply involved in the world-wide student opposition to "The Establishment." But this rebellion has now grown beyond the students and there is talk of the "new Left."

If the extreme Left tendencies gain ground then the call for a stronger authority to establish order might meet with a response from an alarmed population. This will play into the hands of the NPD, for in the absence of a strong, nationwide conservative middle party, there is nowhere else for the conservative-minded to go. In fact there are indications that the NPD is even sapping strength from the Social Democratic party. Recent opinion polls in the Ruhr industrial region, where coal pit closings have raised unemployment, have indicated a switch of Social Democratic voters into the ranks of the NPD. One poll gave the NPD 10 percent of the total Ruhr voting population while the SPD and its coalition

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partner, the Christian Democratic Union, both show slight popularity losses.

Many observers, however, see in this extra-parliamentary unrest a healthy sign of political commitment and involvement which, at long last, is infecting the German people. They even welcome the entry of the NPD into the national parliament. In their view, this would shake the existing democratic parties out of their doldrums and compel the NPD to debate and compromise. There are some indications that the NPD, in its effort to win a large conservative following may eliminate many of its extremist views just as the SPD has long dropped its Marxist concepts of planned economy.

Meanwhile, the CDU-CSU is quite unperturbed—as long as the coalition yields dividends for them, and Chancellor Kiesinger is more popular than ever.

ADOLPH SCHALK

(Adolph Schalk is an American writer resident in Switzerland.)

Black Culture At Oberlin

The plaque by the main road leading into Oberlin, Ohio, reads "home of the first co-educational college in America," a source of constant pride to the college which also enjoys being the first to admit Negro students. Oberlin's public relations office gladly informs the visitor that the first Negro male student was admitted in 1836 —a year before the first white female (although seven years before the first Negro female).

Through the early 'sixties Oberlin's reputation grew as a politically liberal institution, a reputation fostered most often by a handful of vocal student activists more often than not an embarrassment to President Robert K. Carr. President Carr, like Clark Kerr at Berkeley, frequently tended to define "liberal" as that which was inoffensive to himself, the Board of Trustees and the conservative Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. Frequently, Oberlin's liberal tradition was invoked precisely to stifle student-initiated reform as decorum won out over protest, and angry student demonstrations at Carr's home were often the result.

Three years ago, however, thanks to a salutary combination of conscience twinges and a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, Oberlin launched a project to match its performance with its liberal ideas and began enrolling black students from the ghetto after special remedial training during the summer lull. The program has brought about 40 students a year (for a while, incredibly, black African students almost outnumbered their American counterparts) in Oberlin's effort to help stave off the domestic holocaust. Not altogether surprisingly the stiff academic requirements of Oberlin's sometimes grueling curriculum were too much for the summer students, many of whom dropped out. The remainder formed cliques, often assumed a defensive posture to the rest of the student body, and founded Oberlin's first all-black student organization, the Alliance for Black Culture.

During the week of February 18, the ABC sponsored a program of its own, titled "In Light of Blackness," which featured art exhibitions, dance recitals, lectures and panel discussions in celebration more than analysis of black culture. One of the speakers, Lawrence Neal, former arts editor of *Liberator* magazine, addressed himself to the need to "create new myths" and to the *a priori* necessity of achieving freedom from "the intimidation of the white culture," an intimidation which spoke more than indirectly to Oberlin's black students as well as to the ghetto residents who are constantly reminded of their inferiority merely by switching on the living room TV. Neal was pure agit-prop, asking "Who says James Joyce is better than James Brown?" What mattered most, he declaimed, was relevance; the black must insist on his cultural contributions and escape from the "dead hand of white society." The Afro-American's need, he said, was to rediscover and appreciate his own roots in jazz and folk culture, roots which could teach him history as well as philosophy if he could but divorce himself from the shame of unfair and white-determined comparisons. Speaking of "black schizophrenia," Neal insisted that the black man must rid himself of "double-consciousness," referring to what he called "the war between Negro culture which is assimilationist and black culture which is nationalist."

Herbert Hill, Labor Secretary of the NAACP, an organization which shuns the new argot and still uses the word "colored" in its name, followed with an appreciation of neglected black writers, including the forgotten poet Melvin B. Tolson. Hill argued that if he is to be free, the black writer must be allowed his own freedom as a writer whose "own imagination frees him from the shackles of his bondage and makes possible the creation of great works of art." Denouncing the "false dichotomy between protest and literature," he spoke of one of the functions of American *negritude* in literature: "The literature created by black writers is not only a protest against the irrational racial situation, not only an attempt to explain the unique status of American Negroes to white society and to the world, but more significantly, the literature of American Negroes is an attempt to explain the racial situation to themselves."

For many in Oberlin, accustomed to the belief that integration was the ultimate good, the new inward turn of black society and its repudiation of integration as the logical goal of protest is perplexing; shouts of "Black Power" echoed by exclusionist tendencies and demands that white students concentrate on radicalizing white communities grate on a liberal society justifiably proud of

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its previous work in breaking down both physical and legal barriers. For them, E. Franklin Frazier's prescription that the black man must "acquire a culture" sounds irrelevant. However, as Christopher Lasch recently pointed out in the *New York Review of Books*, the nonviolence of the Negro integration movement was nurtured by the stability of the Southern Negro society, a stability that could reasonably lead to an "ethic of endurance" grounded in a positive sense of the self. But, in the stifling Northern ghettos, nationalism has flourished for decades where "self-respect and a sense of community" had to be rebuilt with the meager tools at hand, in what Oscar Lewis calls "the culture of poverty," where obtained the "poverty of culture." "American history seems to show," Lasch wrote, "that a group cannot achieve 'integration'—that is, equality—without first developing institutions which express and create a sense of its own distinctiveness." For Harold Cruse in *The Crises of the Negro Intellectual*, the need most pressing is for "psychological equality"—something found only in cultural regeneration and political power. No group has ever really integrated (as opposed to assimilated) without disabusing itself of the American myth of individualism. For the American blacks, this has special poignancy, as the elite is assimilated and removed from a growing and increasingly frustrated black ghetto population which is left without a program of its own for change, confusing riots for revolutionary upheaval. The new turn reflects a growing awareness of this condition, and in the long run may prove more conducive to the kind of mutual respect which is itself the only precondition to meaningful integration. Meanwhile, however, as whites become "up tight" the prospect is for greater and greater strain between the two groups, and even within the black community which itself is being rent along racial lines in Lawrence Neal's war between Negro and black and in Herbert Hill's war between priorities of "black" or "writer." The Afro-American in turning inward is betting, despite his penchant for the violent overthrow of white society, on the future of the entire society where accommodation will come—organically—from mutual self-consciousness and respect. Whether or not, however, each degenerates into an orgy of hatred and blood, depends in large measure on the white community's readiness to accept being rejected.

JONATHAN EISEN

(Jonathan Eisen is an editorial assistant at Commonweal *and is himself a graduate of Oberlin.)*

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

RICHARD NIXON'S RETURN

Can Richard Nixon be stopped?

Unless New Hampshire's Republican voters have a surprise in the making in their primary on March 12, Nixon may pull so far ahead that he cannot be stopped at the Republican national convention in Miami in August.

A Nixon defeat in New Hampshire would raise the "Nixon can't win" talk to a roar. It would also give Governor George Romney's supporters the psychological lift they badly need in Wisconsin where the Nixon forces are much better organized. But if Nixon wins in New Hampshire, he can probably move on to a clean sweep of the remaining primaries—Wisconsin, Nebraska and Oregon. The only remaining obstacle would be an active candidacy by Governor Nelson Rockefeller starting with the Oregon primary. Unless Rockefeller and his chief political adviser, George Hinman, the GOP national committeeman for New York, shift radically in their present thinking, however, Rockefeller is not going to enter the Oregon primary. He wants the nomination and hopes to get it if the convention moves in his direction, but he is a realist and is not optimistic about his chances.

Nixon's comeback from his narrow defeat for the Presidency in 1960 and his embarrassing defeat for the governorship of California in 1962 is an interesting personal story. If nothing else, it is a testament to his durability and persistence. Except for his quick mind and his verbal skills as an experienced debater, he actually has rather mediocre political gifts. In judging issues and developing them, he tends to make short-run rather than long-term calculations. He clung, for example, to his role as a partisan hatchetman in the 1950's long after he should have tried to develop a statesman's image. As a Vice President with the Presidency in the offing, he failed to establish himself as a man of presidential quality. In General Eisenhower's words, "Dick just hasn't grown." (That remark was made privately in 1956 when Eisenhower was considering dropping him from the ticket.)

Nixon has always seemed to me to have more natural aptitude for being a campaign manager, rather than the candidate himself. He overmanages his own campaigns, refusing to delegate any authority, and he is fascinated with the mechanics of scheduling trips, buying television time, and organizing meetings. In a purely technical sense, his campaigns are well-run. He and his entourage stay on time, the cars and press buses are where they are supposed to be, the advance men have booked him into a suitable hall (not too big, not too small) and have worked smoothly with the local party people. Useful as they are, these are the secondary aspects of politics. Nixon's weaknesses are in the higher realm of issues and ideas. Since the Vietnam war has weakened President Johnson,

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Nixon's own failings may not be decisive this time as they were in his last two campaigns. If nominated, he could quite conceivably ride into office on an anti-Vietnam protest vote, diffuse and self-contradictory but still sweeping all before it. Nixon, moreover, has adapted to his own uses the self-deprecatory humor that Adlai Stevenson introduced into national politics and which the brothers Kennedy have adopted so successfully. In this way, Nixon, a naturally dour man, sets his audiences at ease and gracefully disposes of his own past defeats and mistakes by poking fun at them. If he gets the nomination, he is not going to be an easy man to defeat.

Nixon's comeback has political significance. His renomination would further advance the long-range ambition of Republican conservatives to build a rejuvenated, majority party in the nation by capturing the South and linking it up with the Middle West and the Mountain states. If successful, the GOP conservatives could permanently break the now-loosened grip of the Eastern establishment. Nixon's "southern strategy" in 1960 and the Goldwater nomination in 1964 both advanced this long-term aspiration. The southern and western conservatives have this year shifted back to Nixon.

The South's 356 delegates provide more than half of the 667 votes Nixon needs to be nominated. (These are the delegates from the 11 states of the Confederacy plus Kentucky and Oklahoma.) This bloc of votes is a shade larger than that of the populous Northeast. Nixon's key supporter in the South is Senator John Tower of Texas, diminutive, sharp-eyed, tirelessly energetic, who has held Lyndon Johnson's old seat in the Senate since 1961. Tower is a party wheelhorse who week in and week out is busy speaking at party dinners and rallies and raising money, including funds for many hopeless candidates in the Deep South. This missionary work is the basis of his influence with delegates in a wide arc of states from the Carolinas to Wyoming. He and Peter O'Donnell, Jr., the Republican state chairman in Texas, were important in organizing the successful Goldwater preconvention drive in the South and West. This year, Tower is nominally Texas' favorite son but he almost accepted the national chairmanship of Nixon's campaign and makes no secret of his Nixon sympathies.

"If Dick comes into the convention with 400 to 450 votes, I do not see how he can be stopped," Tower told me last month.

If we assume that by the second ballot—after Tower and a few other favorite sons drop out—Nixon has at least 300 of the South's votes, where is the rest of his support coming from? He will get probably 60 to 70 votes from the mountain and desert states—Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana, Idaho and Nevada. In this region, Utah will vote for Governor Romney, a Mormon, if he is still a strong contender, and Colorado is likely to withhold its 18 votes in an effort to be a factor if there should be a deadlock. New Mexico's liberal Republican Governor, David Cargo, leans to Rockefeller, but the governors and party leaders in the other five states are hard-shell conservatives.

The delegations from the agricultural Middle West—Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and the Dakotas—seem safe for Nixon as long as he looks as if he is going to win the nomination. Add the 82 votes from these states to the 300 from the South and the 70 from the mountain states, and one has the approximately 450 votes that Senator Tower and other Nixon men see as his hard-core strength.

The industrial Middle West, lacking a strong contender of its own, may again play the decisive part in choosing the candidate. In 1964, Goldwater clinched the nomination before the convention opened when Governor James Rhodes unexpectedly gave him the Ohio delegation and Senator Dirksen of Illinois agreed to make the nominating speech. The big states are again up for grabs. Governor Romney has iron control of Michigan's delegation, but little support in neighboring states. Conservative Indiana is safe for Nixon. Rhodes is still governor of Ohio and still enigmatic, talking up Rockefeller in private but remaining uncommitted in public. Senator Dirksen and Senator Percy are jostling one another for the empty honor of being Illinois' favorite son. The Wisconsin decision depends upon that state's primary where Nixon is favored.

Nixon can reasonably expect to have Wisconsin's 30 votes and Indiana's 26. If he also takes Oregon's primary and wins its 18 votes, he will be above 500. Then he needs only one big state—Ohio or Illinois or California—and he will be so close that the bandwagon movement to be with the winner will work in his behalf.

California with 86 votes, second only to New York's 92, is a major power center in the party. If his old home state were to swing its support to him, Nixon could not be stopped. But there is little prospect of that happening as long as Governor Ronald Reagan sees a future President in the mirror, or even a future Vice President. Reagan has not been able to sustain the momentum he developed last fall in speechmaking tours. Although he remains the residual legatee of a Nixon bankruptcy, he is no longer a threat as long as Nixon wins the primaries. The conservatives love him but they feel safer and more comfortable with Nixon, the old professional.

The Republican liberals and centrists place their declining hopes in a Romney miracle in the primaries (or, even more spectacular, an enormous Rockefeller write-in) and in the public opinion polls showing that Nixon could not defeat President Johnson. But it is impossible in March to foresee what the opinion polls will be showing in August. That will depend primarily on the course of the war in Vietnam. And by August, Nixon may have so many committed delegates even a bad poll could not shake them loose. The arithmetic of power in the Republican Party adds up in his favor.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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AN END OF IDEOLOGY?

The university is to our society what the church once was

MICHAEL NOVAK

One would have thought, a few years ago, that the age of ideology was at an end. But now young people have discovered that pragmatism, too, has the characteristics and effects of an ideology. They have observed, in particular, its low resistance to a new, toughened strain of tyranny. Technological progress, they recognize, demands stability and unity over periods of time long enough to bring plans and projections to fulfillment; it thus depends upon control over natural resources, industrial facilities, future human desires, and world conditions. Any government dedicated to the uses of advanced technology finds it in the national interest to produce and to enforce stability ("controlled dynamic growth") on a worldwide scale.

Thus university students have been among the first to discern and to condemn the dangers of the philosophy heretofore dominant in the intellectual life of this country. Many among the brightest and most emotionally mature students, as studies like that of Joseph B. Katz have shown, are won over by the experiences, emotions and arguments that have given birth to "the New Left." These are the students who rebel most strongly against liberal professors, liberal journals, and the general civility and temperateness of liberalism. Moreover, so sharp is this rebellion that communication between "Old Left" and "New Left" is scarcely possible. Fundamental presuppositions have been changed. Basic value judgments are made differently. If we had an accurate map of what is at stake, perhaps it would become possible to disagree with clarity and precision, instead of with rudeness, contempt, and theological odium.

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The argument of the students, naturally enough, is grounded in what they see and hear daily at the universities. The war in Vietnam has taught them that their professors share the basic values and interests of the American government and of the leaders of the new technological industries, whatever the highly publicized public differences between academy and town on questions of procedure. Thus the recent statement by fourteen "moderates"—some of them giants in academic life—justifying present United States policy in Asia reaches the students as no surprise. They have long known what William Pfaff recently wrote in *Commonweal*: that the war in Vietnam is essentially a pragmatist's war, essentially a liberal war. Protest against the war was slow in coming, precisely because it fitted the American intellectual temper so well. Richard Rovere's recent account of his own dilemma in *The New Yorker* illustrates the point.

What, then, is the American intellectual temper as students perceive it? First, let us be clear that we are talking about a minority of students, although probably the most significant minority in terms of perception and talent; and a growing minority. Secondly, we need a context in which the argument is not unduly loaded against either the older intellectual community or the radical students.

Historically, "the movement" is at best five or six years old. The young do not have a full-blown theory by which to situate their own position over against alternatives. They arrive upon the scene when there seems to be a vast consensus, a tradition that has been appropriated with growing extension and solidity since at least the first days of the New Deal. That tradition is anti-metaphysical; it values compromise and adjustment; it prides

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itself upon its diagnosis of "real" interests and its estimate of immediate "realizable" possibilities; it thinks itself, in a word, unusually "realistic." As the young see it, however, this tradition has been operative with a social and political vision that has been reduced to automatic and trivial sequence. It is tired, repetitive in tactics and strategy, and increasingly out of contact with the dynamic energies of our time. The pragmatic tradition misread the conditions that resulted in the war in Vietnam and the conditions of despair and pride in the black community. Moreover, pragmatists seem blind to the fact that they, too, are ideologues. They neither defend nor criticize their own presuppositions, value judgments, predilected standards (like quantification), and political biasses. They have tried so hard to be "objective" that they have failed to examine their own subjectivity—including economic status and professional commitments—for sources of distortion. Because mathematics is "objective," they think they are.

The students spot plenty of distortion. An occasional paper of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, *Students and Society,* for example, offers unusually clear student testimony on this point. The word for professors is "technocrat." The American intellectual community seems to prefer "how to" questions, questions of prediction and control. Such questions demand as much quantification as the material will bear ("and then some"). Effectively, this preference removes the intellectual community from facing value questions and questions of ends—these are "soft" questions, and those who deal with them are considered unprofessional. Rewards go to hard-nosed analysts who provide the power of prediction and control.

Many professors do not seem sensitive to what their students are thinking or feeling; many would be surprised to think that, precisely as professors, they ought to be. Concentration is upon "objective" materials. Much worse, the limits of reality, for academic purposes, are established by professional circles in each discipline; what is important to such a circle is important, what is irrelevant to it does not, professionally, exist. The gap between the professional disciplines and the real world—where "real" means of concern to living human beings—could grow to great lengths before professionals would notice. But students have noticed. And to them specialization seems to be an escape from responsibilities as a human being. Professors perform their professional tasks, and then retreat to their comfortable upper middle class homes and private lives, like kept women of the American way of life. Their dignified phrases about truth and academic freedom could be claimed just as well by auto repairmen.

The close ties between major universities and the new technological industries, moreover, and the new dependence of state and national governments upon academic research and advice, have changed the role and character of the universities in society. In a rough way, the university is to our society what the church used to be: its spiritual center, its source of guidance and legitimation. Its duly ordained experts are the clergymen of the new era: Walter Rostow as *éminence grise*. We have not yet devised ways of guaranteeing the separation of university and state.

Radical students turn upon their professors as protestant reformers upon complacent and powerful medieval churchmen. The note of disappointed innocence is poignant: how *could* you, *you* above all? The one hope of cutting through the American myths of cherry pie, virginity, self-reliance, anti-communism, crusades for freedom, and hard work lies in the university. Yet university professors appear to prefer the comfort of their sinecures to preaching the original revolutionary message of our land, the message transmitted through our bill of rights, our constitution, the Statue of Liberty's call to the oppressed and poor of the world.

It is important to make clear that the protest of the reformers is not merely a protest of activists against theoreticians. The student protestants are saying that the old *doctrines* are wrong, the *theories* are inadequate, the professors are blind to too many realities of life. The reformation is theoretical as well as practical. We have to revise our *conception* of knowledge and of the role of science, our *view* of ourselves and of our world. The issues involved, in fact, sound like metaphysical or theological issues.

Gut Reactions

The students, however, have been well taught by pragmatic teachers; they do not know how to raise metaphysical questions; they retreat, instead, to gut reactions. They look at the war, the ghettos, the increasing reaction of right-wing and liberal forces of "law and order," and they *feel* indignation. The corruption riven through American life by the interests of the comfortable is so palpable they can taste it and smell it. "All you have to do is open your eyes, man. If it don't make you feel sick, ain't nothin' no one can do for you." When one young man I know loses his bitterness—the center upon which he now pivots his personality—he pulls out a wrinkled photograph of babies disfigured by napalm: his Spanish Jesus mutilated on the cross. Among the students there is an unmentioned litmus test: they study you to see if you feel what they feel. Liberals who talk "realistically" and "pragmatically," radicals believe, cannot possibly feel what their words imply; they know not what they do.

Yet the young are trapped. They reject the technocrats but have pitifully few intellectual alternatives. When John Dewey and other great architects of the current pragmatic realism were teaching, they at least carried with them, implicitly but powerfully, the humanistic tradition

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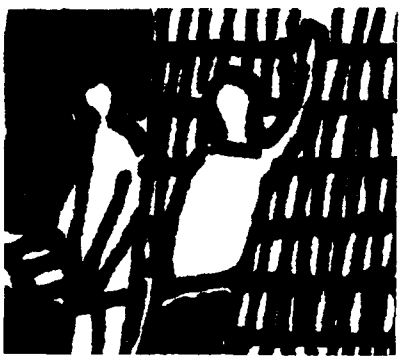
of their own earlier schooling; they advised their students, however, not to bother with the old masters of the pre-scientific era. Some among the second generation of behavioral scientists, political scientists, social scientists, and analytical humanists, consequently, speak only one intellectual language. In rejecting that language, the present generation of students finds itself mute about its most urgent feelings. They do not *wish* to be anti-intellectual, but the one available intellectual language is abhorrent to them. Moreover, it is impossible for them to return to the classics, the great books, or the humanists—the recovery of a tradition that has now lapsed would turn



them into historians, whereas it is the present and the future they most want to absorb and to comprehend. Had they the language, one feels, many of them would like to articulate clearly what is happening now, and thus produce new classics expressing our own new cultural era. Mute instead, they can only say that those over thirty don't understand.

And surely they are right in feeling in their bones a new culture coming to birth. They need a vision of man adequate to the new time, and a political and social theory adequate to that vision. It ill becomes the older generation, which (overburdened by vast wars) has since 1932 provided so little by way of long-range vision or creative political and social theory, to demand that the students produce the longed-for vision and program in one stroke: instant ideology. The radical students need help. Specifically, they need fresh theories, new intellectual tools, openness to breakthroughs and readiness for originality. In many cases, all they need is someone to help them to articulate what they have already experienced and cannot quite say.

Thus, for example, the radicals speak in indignant tones of corruption, sickness, and selling out; but they do not really mean to say that they think of themselves as pure, or that total purity of motive and conscience is possible for a human being. The vision of man which they seek must be utopian in the sense that it is an alternative to the present series of pragmatic adjustments and gives promise of a new cultural epoch. It need not be utopian in the sense that it represents a naïve innocence about man. Reflecting on the first five or six years of the movement, the radicals have learned that you can't trust anyone *under* 30, either; not even yourself.

The radicals recognize that the rugged individualism of Ayn Rand, the inner-directed personality by David Riesman, and the natural, atomic individual imagined by John Stuart Mill and the English empirical tradition are not now (if they ever were) viable models of human behavior. The social sciences—and political events—have taught them too well that the supposedly private, autonomous world of the self is in fact conditioned and shaped by the institutions in which human beings live, move, and have their being. The sense of reality is, itself, a social product. Consequently, the radicals aspire to political consciousness in the proper sense: to become conscious of one's own identity is to become aware of institutional power already at work in oneself. The road to personal liberation is not private or through meditation, but political. Awareness grows through conscious, reflective, accurate action. The separation between thought and action, which present university life enforces, seems to the students illegitimate; and they argue the case on theoretical grounds.

The students seek fresh theories at many crucial places in the analysis of social reality. For example, when older liberals speak of "academic freedom and academic decorum" in connection with recent demonstrations on campuses, they are thinking of McCarthyism, loyalty oaths, and the disruptive techniques of the Nazis in the 1920's. But the students are thinking of the enormous power of television and newspapers to establish the mainstream of public discourse. They see clearly how the honeyed discourse of public officials—which is ordinarily reported straight—instantly smothers the imaginations and emotions of all within their reach, and how a sweet coating is put upon all intentions and actions of the United States. The inherent respectability of official sources gains a multiplied, overwhelming power, and the entire burden of counter-argument, unmasking, and reporting of contradictory interpretations passes over onto the few who are equipped for it. Commonly, the mass media cannot follow the subtleties of the argument; moreover, officials merely announce; dissenters must document. Thus, a time-lag of days, weeks, or months may be required before a rebuttal can be published. Worse, the very structure of the mass media makes dissenters seem querulous, nitpicking, obsessed; officials are encouraged to pose as noble and long-suffering.

The balance of power in the formation of public opinion has been altered by the advent of television. The society of independent, rational individuals envisaged by John Stuart Mill does not exist. The fate of all is bound up with the interpretation of events given by the mass media, by the image projected, and by the political power which results. The few with access to further information cannot compete with the many. Moreover, it is not so much "further information" that is at stake; it is the "image," the symbolic presentation of values, presuppositions, angle of vision, frame of reference, that is estab-

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lished by the media. In a society with respect for its political institutions, officials have only to act with decorum and energy in order to benefit by such respect and to have their views established as true until proven false.

Thus people are at the mercy of their government in a new and frightening way. The forces of "law and order"—army and police—are so powerful in the United States that no conceivable challenge could be raised against them. The technological society demands unity and thus the whole apparatus is concentrated in an awesome way in the hands of the federal government. "Freedom of speech," therefore, can no longer be governed merely by standards of decorum. The assumption that officials are speaking the truth can no longer be safely entertained by those who value their liberty. The credibility gap is not due to the personality of President Johnson; it now inheres in the office and in all public offices.

What, then, does freedom of speech mean in a technological society? How can one defend onself against McCarthyism on the one hand, and official newspeak on the other? The solution of the students has been to violate the taboos of decorum and thus embrace Vice President Humphrey, the CIA, Dow Chemical and other enemies in an ugly scene, hoping that the unpopularity of the radicals will rub off on those embraced. They want to make the heretofore bland and respectable wear that tag which most alarms American sensibilities: "controversial."

This tactic suggests that it would be an advance in academic freedom never to allow a public official to share the privileges of academic discourse, unless followed immediately by a devil's advocate in open debate. We desparately need protection against our government, its agencies, and its industrial allies. We desparately need a theory of free speech and tolerance which takes account of advances in technology, in expanded population, and in industrial wealth and power. We need defense against the owners, advertisers, and official users of the mass media, and against those who rely upon traditional decorum and the need for law and order to make effective public challenge impossible. Given television and affluence, a government no longer needs a brazen Gestapo; it can win acquiescence by granting bread and circuses and announcing noble sentiments.

Thus many seeds of immense theoretical importance are germinating in the consciousness of the young. Never was it so clear that the role of the teacher—and today of the publicist—is as Plato described it: that of a midwife. Professors are not the fathers of the new consciousness, they are only the midwives, looking on with alert and critical wonder at what the young, seeded who knows how or where, bring forth.

A blank check for LBJ

THE TONKIN AFFAIR

JOHN GALLOWAY

After six months of informal inquiry the Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff has prepared a 20-page report on the incidents in the Gulf of Tonkin which determined passage of the 1964 Gulf of Tonkin Resolution. That declared the United States prepared, "as the President determines, to take all necessary steps, including the use of armed force" to assist South Vietnam or any member of SEATO "requesting assistance in defense of its freedom." The Foreign Relations Committee is now deciding whether to use the unpublished report as a basis for beginning a full-scale Congressional investigation.

According to committee chairman J. W. Fulbright, the study was the result of information which the committee has been receiving "for some months" from those whom the Senator sees as "responsible individuals." In his view the information raises a "number of questions" and "uncertainties."

The Gulf of Tonkin Resolution was a joint resolution passed by Congress on Aug. 7, 1964, at the request of President Johnson, following two reported North Vietnamese torpedo attacks on United States destroyers. The first incident occurred in daylight hours on Aug. 2 when the destroyer *Maddox* exchanged fire with three North Vietnamese patrol boats 25 miles off the coast of North Vietnam. In this initial encounter the *Maddox* and its crew emerged unscathed. The North Vietnamese were less fortunate. The *Maddox* aided by four fighter planes from the carrier *Ticonderoga* damaged all three of the enemy vessels.

Two nights later on Aug. 4, according to the Administration's original testimony, three to six North Vietnamese patrol boats fired torpedoes at the destroyers *Maddox* and *C. Turner Joy* 65 miles off the coast of North Vietnam. Again there were no United States casualties and

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the Defense Department reported the sinking of four North Vietnamese patrol boats. Ten and one-half hours after the destroyers reported the attack ended, the United States retaliated by bombing North Vietnam. Aircraft of the Seventh Fleet launched 64 attack sorties against four reported North Vietnamese patrol boat bases and an oil storage depot. The United States reported two of its planes destroyed and two damaged. Some 25 North Vietnamese patrol boats were said to have been destroyed or damaged.

The first reported attack, unlike the second, was initially played down by the Administration. A Defense Department spokesman described the incident "as unwelcome but not especially serious." The State Department announced that it did not plan a diplomatic protest. In general, the episode was attributed to nervousness on the part of North Vietnam. Hanoi had reason to be edgy. The Republican presidential nominee, Barry Goldwater, was suggesting that the war be carried to North Vietnam "if necessary," and South Vietnam's Premier General Nguyen Khanh had recently called for a "march to the North." Moreover, there had been an increase in commando raids against the North. On July 23, 1964, less than two weeks before the shootings on the Gulf of Tonkin, the *Saigon Post* after an interview with the then air commander Nguyen Cao Ky, reported a 40 percent increase "in air operations aimed at sending Special Forces teams in [to] North Vietnam." The dispatch told of "widespread explosions rocking industrial centers and harbor areas in North Vietnam since July 10." The South Vietnamese were coming by sea as well. Within the past six weeks one of their special forces teams landed near the city of Dong Hoi 30 miles into North Vietnam and sabotaged that city's water plant.

Zigzag Maneuvers

On July 31, 1964 South Vietnamese warships shelled the North Vietnamese islands of Hon Ngu and Hon Me, both of which are within five miles of the coast of North Vietnam. The next day the *Maddox,* on an electronic intelligence mission, entered the Gulf of Tonkin and began zigzagging in and out of the 12-mile territorial waters claimed by North Vietnam. Since no United States vessel had patrolled the area for weeks, North Vietnam, not unexpectedly, associated the *Maddox* with the shelling of its off-shore islands. Senator Russell, after a high-level briefing on the first incident involving the *Maddox,* left with the impression that recent South Vietnamese naval activity in the Gulf may have caused some "confusion" on the part of North Vietnam. Defense Secretary McNamara, however, told a closed session of the Senate Armed Services and Foreign Relations Committee on Aug. 6, that the *Maddox* had been unaware of the raids staged by the South Vietnamese. But, in a recent speech, Senator Morse charges that the ship's logs and messages reveal information "entirely opposite" that provided by McNamara.

In his opening statement to the Senate committees, McNamara revealed that the *Maddox* had fired first at the charging North Vietnamese patrol boats. Thus, there remained the possibility that the North Vietnamese wanted only to harass the *Maddox,* since patrol boats generally do not engage heavier warships in open seas during daylight hours. The Administration had reason therefore for not wanting to emphasize the first "attack" on the *Maddox.*

Two days later on Aug. 4, the Defense Department announced a second "deliberate attack" against the *Maddox* and the *C. Turner Joy* by an undetermined number of North Vietnamese patrol boats. On Aug. 6 Secretary of Defense McNamara told the joint Senate committee that, during the first hour of battle, the American destroyers "relayed messages stating that they had avoided a number of torpedoes, that they had been under repeated attack, and that they had sunk two of the attacking craft." In the next hour, the destroyers were said to have reported that, "even though many torpedoes had been fired at them, they had suffered no hits or casualties and that the defensive aircraft from the *Ticonderoga* were illuminating the area and attacking the enemy surface craft." According to McNamara the *C. Turner Joy* reported that she was further fired upon by automatic weapons while being illuminated by searchlights. North Vietnam then as now, described this second incident as a "sheer fabrication" created by the United States to justify its escalation of the war.

At the time, Hanoi's claim was seen by most as propaganda. Today it is being taken seriously. John White, a Connecticut school teacher and former Navy Lieutenant j.g., has written Senator Fulbright charging that the Administration gave false information to Congress in reporting this second attack. White was then serving aboard the *Pine Island* which, he claims, was "the first United States ship to enter the war zone in response to the 'attack' upon the destroyers *Maddox* and *C. Turner Joy.*" White says that he remembers "clearly" the confusing radio messages sent at the time by the destroyers —"confusing because the destroyers themselves were not certain they were being attacked."

Fulbright's inquiry and the comments of White and others have caused the Defense Department considerable anguish and have forced it to publicly defend its evidence. The Department now speaks of three or four enemy patrol boats which fired "perhaps two but more likely one" torpedo. The automatic weapons fire which McNamara spoke of is now seen as the anti-aircraft fire which the destroyers directed at what their radar, most likely in error, depicted as enemy aircraft.

In an effort to prove that an attack occurred, the Defense Department says that it has signed affidavits from four crew members of the *C. Turner Joy,* all of whom

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claim to have sighted the wake of a torpedo passing from stern to bow, approximately 300 feet off the port side of their ship. The Department further states that this torpedo was detected by the sonarmen on duty aboard the *Maddox*. Significantly, the affidavits relating to the sighting of the torpedo wake were not obtained until *after* the Johnson Administration had ordered retaliatory air strikes against North Vietnam. The only direct "evidence" of an attack so far produced by the Defense Department and existent at the time consists of numerous sonar detections of torpedoes fired at the destroyers, all reported by the sonarmen on duty aboard the *Maddox*. Beyond this there is conclusive evidence that North Vietnamese patrol boats were in the immediate area, but the only direct evidence of an attack, then available, remains the sonar detections reported by the *Maddox*.

Since sonar is intended primarily to detect deeply submerged objects, such as submarines, it is not reliable at detecting objects running near the surface, such as torpedoes. It appears, therefore, that the Administration ordered North Vietnam to be bombed, announced an increase in United States forces in the area and asked for and received passage of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution on the basis of what was then only incomplete and questionable evidence of an attack on two United States destroyers.

The Administration's hasty response may have been due simply to a sudden determination to teach the North Vietnamese a lesson. Another possibility, however, is that the Johnson Administration, which had been escalating steadily since January due to the increasing success of the Vietcong, saw the incident as a means of obtaining a quick Congressional resolution authorizing the President to do whatever he considered necessary in Vietnam. Such a "crisis," moreover, would give the President, in the midst of his campaign against Goldwater, an opportunity to refute any suggestion that he was "soft" on Communism. This interpretation is suggested by Assistant Secretary of State William P. Bundy's recent admission that the Administration had prepared contingent drafts of a Southeast Asia resolution "prior to August 1964." Pressed by Fulbright to explain, Bundy stated that a resolution was prepared in advance of any crisis "as a matter of prudence" since the Administration "anticipated the possibility that things might take a more drastic turn at any time and that it would be wise to seek an affirmation of the desires of and intent of the Congress."

Word of the second attack reached Washington by 11 a.m., one-half hour after the shooting began. By coincidence the President had previously scheduled a noon meeting of the National Security Council to discuss a crisis in Cyprus. At this meeting it was decided to undertake a retaliatory bombing raid on North Vietnam. Since it was midnight in Vietnam the Administration had all afternoon to ponder its choice of targets. At 6 p.m. the Defense Department publicly announced the second attack. Forty-five minutes later, following a second meeting of the National Security Council, the President called in the leaders of Congress for a 90-minute briefing, told them of the plans to bomb North Vietnam and of his desire to obtain a Congressional resolution. At 11:36 President Johnson spoke to the nation on radio and television for six minutes. After announcing that air action was underway against North Vietnam, the President spoke of his decision to seek a Congressional resolution "making it clear that our Government is united in its determination to take all necessary measures in support of freedom and in defense of peace in Southeast Asia."

Two days later Secretaries McNamara and Rusk, along with General Wheeler, Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff, appeared before a closed session of the Senate Armed Services and Foreign Relations Committees. The committees swiftly approved the resolution drawn up by the Administration over the lone dissent of Senator Morse. "Imagine," recalls Fulbright, "we spent all of an hour and 40 minutes on that resolution. A disaster; a tragic mistake. We should have held hearings. The resolution would have passed anyway, but not in its present form. At the time, I was not in a suspicious frame of mind. I was afraid of Goldwater."

The transcript of the hearings, heavily censored, was released after the delay of more than two years. In reviewing the edited testimony, Senator Morse protested to Secretary Rusk about the deletion of a point which Morse had raised "concerning the raids made on North Vietnamese islands by South Vietnamese war vessels shortly before the incident between the *Maddox* and the North Vietnamese torpedo boats. I can understand," he added, "why the Administration wants to cover up any mention of these raids . . . but I resent the attempt to delete my comments about the subject when they were not in any way based on information from official sources."

Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations, Douglas MacArthur II, answered Morse by stating that "the reason for doing so was that these questions, while not classified in themselves, were questions to which classified answers were given . . . I can assure you that these recommended deletions were not in any way an attempt at censorship . . ."

The Tonkin Resolution, having passed the committees, was introduced later that same day in the Senate. The Senate discussed the resolution for a total of nine hours over a two-day period. The New York *Times*, in covering the first day's debate reported "no atmosphere of impending crisis. The chamber was not even one-third full most of the time. Members entered, expressed their support of the resolution briefly and then left." This languor notwithstanding, a few members demonstrated a certain uneasiness about delegating so much power to the President.

Senators Morse and Gruening announced their total opposition to the resolution while Senators McGovern,

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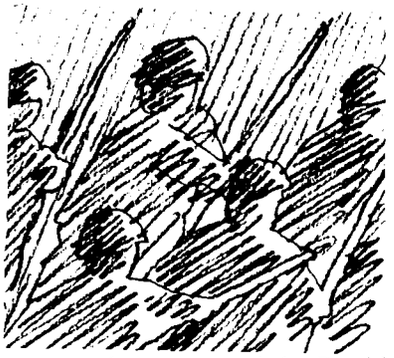
Ellender and Nelson asked searching questions about the events which precipitated the shootings. As Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Fulbright answered their queries and attempted to assuage their doubts. In the process Fulbright lent his entire weight and prestige to the President's request for extraordinary powers.

Wisconsin's Senator Gaylord Nelson wondered aloud if the United States had exercised good judgment in sending its warships within the 12-mile limit claimed by North Vietnam. To Nelson this was analogous to Russian warships patrolling between the United States and Cuba while Cuban patrol boats were firing on Florida. Fulbright dismissed Nelson's comparison outright, having asked earlier "why we should be so responsive to the sensitivities of the North Vietnamese."

The most significant dialogue during the two-day debate was an exchange between Fulbright and Senator John Cooper of Kentucky who sought to ascertain the



extent of the powers being granted the President. Cooper began by asking Fulbright, "Are we now giving the President advance authority to take whatever action he may deem necessary respecting South Vietnam and its defense, or with regard to the defense of any other country included in the [SEATO] treaty?" Fulbright replied that such an interpretation was "correct."

Cooper then asked if "looking ahead, the President decided that it was necessary to use such force as could lead into war, will we give that authority by this resolution?" Fulbright answered, "That is the way I would interpret it. If a situation later developed in which we thought the approval should be withdrawn, it could be withdrawn by concurrent resolution." Recently some Congressmen and Senators have stated that President Johnson, in introducing a one-half-million-man army into South Vietnam, has exceeded the scope of the resolution. In view of the above such a charge appears baseless.

Worried about this blank check which Congress was handing the President, Senator Nelson wanted to amend the resolution to include: "Our continuing policy is to limit our role to the provision of aid, training assistance, and military advice, and it is the sense of Congress, that except when provoked to greater response, we should continue to attempt to avoid a direct military involvement in the Southeastern Asian conflict."

Senator Fulbright rejected Nelson's amendment on the grounds that the House was about to pass the resolution in the form requested by the President and that any alteration would necessitate a House-Senate Conference and that he (Fulbright) could not "take responsibility for delaying matters." Moments later the Senate passed the resolution wanted by the President by an 88-2 margin, Morse and Gruening dissenting. Earlier that afternoon after 40 minutes of debate, the House approved the resolution 416-0.

Fulbright endorsed the Tonkin Resolution despite his earlier concern over the two similar resolutions passed by Congress during periods of crisis—the 1955 Formosa Resolution and the Middle East Resolution of 1957. (The 1962 Cuban Resolution did not delegate additional powers to the President.) The Senator by now has come to regret his sponsorship of the Tonkin Resolution. In his book, *The Arrogance of Power,* published in 1966, he maintains that his role in its adoption "is a source of neither pleasure nor pride to me today." That same year Fulbright declared, "I feel that I was led into the Tonkin Gulf Resolution and I have only myself to blame for it because I should have been more intelligent, more farseeing, more suspicious."

Fulbright's behavior during the Tonkin crisis is perhaps explained by his earlier book, *Old Myths and New Realities,* published in May of 1964, three months before the Tonkin affair. In discussing Vietnam, Fulbright spoke of the possibility of carrying the war "to the territory of North Vietnam with a view to negotiating a reasonable settlement . . ." By this he meant "equipping the South Vietnamese armed forces to attack North Vietnamese territory, possibly by means of commando-type operations from the sea or air."

This might explain why Fulbright refused to join Morse in criticizing the Administration for having helped the South Vietnamese bring the war to North Vietnam. It may further explain his lack of concern over the events which precipitated the entire crisis. Fulbright at this point in the war had apparently fallen victim to what Richard Goodwin describes as "the wish, deeply grounded in the American character, that victory [in Vietnam] might come easily and with little pain." In August, 1964, he apparently felt that peace could be obtained in South Vietnam by applying pressure on the North. Persuaded by this logic, he maintained during debate on the Tonkin Resolution that American power "is sea and air, and that this is what we hope will deter the Chinese Communists and the North Vietnamese from spreading the war."

Fulbright thus believed in what the Administration was doing. He approved of the recent forays into North Vietnam while seeing American air and naval power as a means of obtaining an easy victory. In sum, he was willing to give the President a blank check for Vietnam, not realizing that he would have to cash it.

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H. A. R. — DEATH OF A FRIEND

"In faith, in hope, and in love"

EMERIC A. LAWRENCE

Even though Father H. A. Reinhold had been seriously ill for years, it is difficult for me to accept the harsh fact of his death. Only a few weeks ago his Christmas letter arrived. Simply and poignantly he told of his recent bad health—he had broken his hip twice in the last year—and of his latest literary achievements, including his autobiography. At the end of the page was his final word to me, written by his secretary: "I was happy to get your letter; it was just the kind of letter I needed."

I wish I could remember exactly what I had written that had made him happy. I can only guess that I had again told him of my warm gratitude for all that he had done during his lifetime to bring about the English liturgy, and I am sure I also thanked him for his friendship and for all that he had done for me over the years.

It is 30 years since I met H.A.R. in the sacristy of St. Peter's Church, Cambridge, Mass. He took an interest in me, since I was from St. John's Abbey, a place familiar to him because of the labors there of Fr. Virgil Michel, for whom he had a deep admiration. I was always a good listener in the discussions we had at Graham Carey's home, and H.A.R. and Graham Carey were good men to listen to.

I returned to St. John's to teach in the fall of 1938, and Father Reinhold stopped off on his way to Seattle. He captivated many of us young professors, lay and religious, and we wanted to keep him with us. But he had already made his arrangements in the state of Washington; so he and I had to continue our communication by means of letters. He wrote about everything—liturgy, art, the social question, politics; but most of all he poured out his ideas on the nature and purpose of the liturgical year. For him the real beginning of the liturgical year was not Advent, but Septuagesima; and the latter months of the year, including Advent, aimed at preparing Christians for the second coming of Jesus at the end of time rather than for his coming at Christmas.

In November, 1938, Father Virgil Michel, O.S.B., founder of *Orate Fratres* (later *Worship*) and The Liturgical Press and leader of the liturgical apostolate in the U.S., died. He was only 48 years old and at the high point of his influence both in the fields of liturgy and social justice. The afternoon of his funeral a crushed group of young monks gathered in Father Godfrey Diekmann's room in the monastery. It seemed like the end of the world for all of us. It was taken for granted that Father Godfrey would be the editor of *Orate Fratres*, since he had been managing editor under Father Virgil for years. But who was to continue Virgil Michel's Timely Tracts, the most dynamic and "practical" feature of the magazine? "Why not Hans Reinhold?" I asked, and if I never had another good idea the rest of my life, that was enough.

There is no doubt that a man of H.A.R.'s ability, scholarship and irresistible desire to share his enthusiasm for the liturgy would have found an outlet for his creativity sooner or later. But for many reasons it was providential both for him and for the magazine that *Orate Fratres* became his favorite sounding board.

This is not the place to evaluate his years of Timely Tracting. That would be an excellent project for a doctoral thesis in any university. One of the main chapters of the thesis could well be an effort to determine the influence of Father Reinhold's ideas, especially of the Timely Tracts, on the present situation of the liturgy since Vatican II. I suppose that most of the influence at the Council emanated from European sources, but the popular and vociferous H.A.R. and his American colleagues could not have gone unheard.

I know that Timely Tracts were simultaneously a joy and a cross for Father Godfrey. Reading H.A.R. was always exciting, but there were problems. It is hard to say which was the editor's greatest worry—how a particular Tract might disturb one or the other bishop or how to maintain the brilliant literary style while confining that style within the limits of normal grammar and sentence structure. Surely, no liturgist or theologian ever wrote with such éclat and originality of expression in a language other than his native tongue.

Along with style, I think that H.A.R.'s Timely Tracts, his articles in *Commonweal* and elsewhere, and his whole "philosophy of liturgy" (if there is such a thing) were characterized by good taste. In liturgy, art, architecture and piety, he insisted over and over again on the right, the reasonable, the honest, the true, the authentic. He could become violent whenever cheapness and artificiality in any of those areas offended good taste; and it was probably this violence that most offended his opponents: people were just not used to having statues of Jesus or

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Mary consigned to the ashpile simply because they were execrable pieces of art.

I think, too, that much hard feeling against him resulted from the fact that his enemies realized how right he was about most things. They could hardly deny that he was a scholarly authority in matters liturgical: he had studied liturgy in German universities and at Maria Laach; he knew what it ought to be.

In parenthesis, and speaking of style and good taste, I find myself wondering what his reaction must have been these recent years to the liturgical experimentation that is gaining popularity in America since Vatican II. Maybe someone who has seen him more recently than I have would know. I have an idea, however, that he would have favored it . . . provided that style, taste, reasonableness and scholarship were not forgotten.

My reason for this surmise goes back to a letter I wrote to him in 1945 from the Aleutian Islands where I was doing time as a chaplain. One Sunday I suddenly and brashly decided to forget about custom and to celebrate the Mass face to face with my G.I.'s. Even with the Latin, it was a thrilling experience for me, and I couldn't help writing him about it. My letter resulted in a Timely Tract in which H.A.R. spoke hopefully about the possible new age in liturgy that might come about when chaplains returned to civilian life, full of memories

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This homily was preached by Father William Clancy, Provost of the Pittsburgh Oratory and former associate editor of Commonweal, *at the funeral of Father H. A. Reinhold in St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, on Jan. 30.*

We come here today in faith, in hope, and in love to celebrate the death of a Christian who was our friend, our brother, and our dear father and teacher in God. We celebrate the victory of Jesus Christ in this priest. . . . Many of us come also to pay a debt—the greatest of all debts, the debt of faith itself. Because Hans Ansgar Reinhold taught us (some of us when we were very young, some of us when we were older) to see in a way we had not seen before, in a way we had not suspected was possible before we read him or knew him. He taught us to see the very things we celebrate today—the mystery and the joy of the Church, that is, the mystery and the joy of the Resurrection and the Glory of Christ Jesus. . . .

The resurrection victory of Jesus Christ was the foundation of Father Reinhold's love for the liturgy. Before others understood, he understood how the victory of the Lord is given to us in the celebration of his mysteries, and he knew that we must seek to communicate these mysteries through the liturgy's signs. . . .

Hans Reinhold was the enemy of any approach to the Church or its liturgy which would reduce them to a kind of secular communitarianism. Nothing human was strange to him but in its midst he affirmed the transcendent. He knew that we live in two orders, that in our travail, our suffering, our doubt and our fear, in the shadow of defeat and death, we are even now sharers in a glory that is not ours, but is given to us as pure gift. As a man whose vision was a Resurrection vision, he passionately, deeply, and forever loved the Church. He could not and would not separate the glory of Jesus Christ from the community and custodian of that glory, the historic Church. He was profoundly a priest of that Church. He was a minister of mysteries that had been told him by that Church. But he also knew how tragically the mystery of the Church can be obscured. He knew what Baron Frederick von Hügel meant when he wrote (in another time and place, at the beginning of this century but perhaps not so long ago) that the faults of a certain kind of Churchmen are *sui generis*, and such that they destroy for many that vision of the mystery of the Church which alone makes life in the Church tolerable—not only tolerable but the only life possible for us, that for which there is no alternative.

Father Reinhold knew the pain of history. He knew what Paul meant in the eighth chapter of Romans when, telling us of our glory, he tells us also that until the end of time all creation must wait, groaning, for the final revelation of God. Until then we must wait in hope. Without a sense both of history and theology man must be impatient. He must be angry. But Hans Reinhold had a deep sense of history and of theology, and he was infinitely patient. He transcended anger. He lived in hope.

But though he knew we must learn eschatological patience, Father Reinhold also knew that we are called to seek God's justice and show God's mercy in our own time and place. And here he was not patient. . . . Hans Reinhold suffered over the plight of the migrant workers. He suffered for the Jews. He suffered for the refugees. And his was not a mere intellectual suffering. . . . He involved himself always in causes which gave some practical expression to his concerns. He knew that Jesus Christ must be sought out and served in his brothers, in his lonely and suffering brothers, throughout history. . . .

This man, I think, accomplished in himself Saint Paul's command: "Fill your minds with everything that is good. Fill your minds with everything that is pure, everything that is worthy of love and respect, everything that is worthy of praise." Take these, cherish them, serve them.

And proclaim them. Proclaim them in the Resurrection and the Glory and the Hope of the Lord. Father Hans Reinhold proclaimed them. This is the cause of our joy today. This is the victory we celebrate in his death. The victory was given him and is given us in the same Christ, the same Gospel, the same Church. So, my dear brothers, let us give thanks to God, for giving us this hope, this victory, this glory, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

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of authentic liturgical experiences, unhindered by the restrictions of customs and rubrics. I am afraid that most of us let him down—we were too deeply conditioned by the sacrosanct character of the rules—and that his expectations have rather been met by the "young Turks" who, with an assist from Pope John, Vatican II, and the very spirit of the times, have broken the old bonds and largely taken the law into their own hands. But in my imagination I can see Father Reinhold hovering over them and in his quiet voice demanding good taste.

I teach Catholic theology at Luther College, Decorah, Iowa, and one of the books we use is Father George Tavard's *The Church Tomorrow*. Even before I heard about H.A.R.'s death, I couldn't help thinking about him in connection with the chapters on the End of Sociological Catholicism and the End of the Counter Reformation. Without his realizing it, he must have had plenty to do with both of those finalities. Sociological Catholicism is religious thinking and practice that is dictated by the group—by nationality, place of origin, language. This kind of religion is not confined to Catholics, and it is not altogether bad. Many have become holy within it (or shall we say, in spite of it?). Some have rejected this kind of religion and others have "ascended" out of it. They are asking questions and are acting like liberated adults in the Church. Formed by the liturgical movement and the lay apostolate, they want to know the reasons for the things demanded of them.

In discussing these chapters, I told my students: "It is the duty of priests and preachers to disturb the people and their routine practice of religion, to ask them why they go to Mass, why they believe and act as they do; and it is the duty of the laity to ask the clergy the same questions, and others as well." I doubt that I would have spoken that way if I had not had Father Reinhold in my life.

Just because things had always been done a certain way was no reason why they *had* to be done that way, especially if there was a better way. During the years when apostles of the liturgy limited their ambition to promoting the dialogue Mass—or, if they were really ambitious, the sung Mass—H.A.R. presumed to say in writing that all attempts at encouraging participation were piddling so long as Latin remained an obstacle between God's word and man's response to it. He hoped for and demanded change when no one else dared to hope. Latin seemed so essential to Roman Catholicism that a switch to the vernacular, particularly in the entire Mass, seemed unthinkable. But to this prophet, worship and prayer in any other language than one's very own did not make sense; and being a reasonable and logical man, he had to make a public request for what he knew was right, regardless of the consequences.

I cannot say that he was not hurt by the reputation his attitudes gained for him in certain areas of the clergy. He was an extremely sensitive man, and like most human beings, he wanted to be respected and esteemed . . . but again, not at the price of what was true and right. I do not consider his desire for recognition and esteem to have stemmed from arrogance or an overdose of self-love. One of his contemporaries (and I believe, his friend), Father Gerald Vann, O.P., once defined humility as genuine self-knowledge: he said that a person is humble when he neither over-estimates nor under-estimates his qualities and abilities. H.A.R. knew the liturgy, he knew theology and art. He would have indulged in false humility if he had denied that fact and failed to appreciate God's abundant gifts to him and the use he made of those gifts.

A reader can surmise from what I have said that people reacted strongly to Father Reinhold, either against or for him. I am certain that his friends far outnumbered his enemies, and they stood by him with vehement loyalty.

In his Christmas letter he wrote, "Bishop Wright has been like a brother to me. He visited me often in the hospital . . ." Since bishops do not generally get good press these days, I imagine that Bishop Wright must have derived considerable satisfaction and joy from this final tribute from the priest he befriended and received into his diocese and who took every occasion to express his appreciation for that and many other kindnesses.

So H.A.R. is no longer with us in the flesh. His achievements remain in his books, in the inspiration, the courage, the leadership he provided for a whole generation of seminarians, priests and sisters, in a renewed Church, in the English Mass. I won't say, "May he rest in peace." I doubt that he read John McMahon's article in *Commonweal* for Jan. 26 on Catholic students' attitudes towards death. But knowing him as I did, I am certain of his awareness of the latest and best theological writing on eschatology. To paraphrase Mr. McMahon, H.A.R. knew from personal experience in this world that by virtue of Jesus' Incarnation, his bodily-being-in-the-world was wholly joyful while at the same time a wholly God-centered action; that by virtue of Christ's Death and Resurrection, death shall no more have dominion; and that by virtue of his membership in the Church, he had been baptized into Death and Resurrection so that his every action and suffering were intrinsically meaningful—each moment being an unrecoverable chance to make up those things that are as yet wanting or blemished in the Body of Christ.

Father Reinhold never rested in his life. He would not want to rest now. For him life has changed, it has not been taken away. And of one thing I am sure: he knows now, as he may not have known while he was with us, that it has all been enormously worthwhile.

May I be allowed one last wish: that the younger men in the field of the liturgy never forget that the way which now lies open before them was plotted and graded with sweat and tears by men like Hans Ansgar Reinhold.

Dear Friend, au revoir!

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YOUNG CONDUCTORS

RECORDS

An orchestra musician explained the playing Toscanini got from an orchestra by the fact that he was a conductor whom the players *had* to look at, and once they looked and saw in the movements of his stick what he wanted, they *had* to do it. Cantelli, said this musician, had been another conductor with that compulsion; and another, he added, was Mehta. This was his way of saying that Mehta had what the 20-year-old Bernard Shaw was able to perceive to be "the highest faculty of a conductor"—namely, "the establishment of a magnetic influence under which an orchestra becomes as amenable to the *baton* as a pianoforte to the fingers." It must be added that the conductor manipulates the orchestra, as the pianist does the piano, to produce the form in sound of a piece of music—which involves his additional faculties as a musician. And the first London records with Mehta's performances of Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4 and Stravinsky's *Petrushka* show him to be in command of the orchestra and able to pace and shape the two works effectively. If I nevertheless prefer Stravinsky's performance of *Petrushka* on a Columbia record, it is because of the power and tension that make his the best performances of his own works. And I would prefer von Karajan's performance of the Tchaikovsky symphony on an Angel record because of the more beautiful playing of the Berlin Philharmonic, a finer orchestra than the Los Angeles, even if there were not the additional fact that in Mehta's performance the finale is marred at the end of bar 148 by an apparent accident in splicing which results in the omission of the necessary pause analogous to the one at the end of bar 59.

Mehta also conducts at the Metropolitan Opera; and Angel records offer the performance of *Aïda* he recorded with a Metropolitan cast—Nilsson, Corelli, Bumbry, Sereni—and the Rome Opera Orchestra and Chorus. He shapes the work with admirable plasticity, continuity and coherence; but Nilsson's voice—powerful, but without warmth and unattractive in timbre—is not the one for this music; and while Corelli has learned to sing whole phrases, his way of singing them isn't musically sensitive. For singing extraordinary in its vocal beauty, expressiveness and musical sensitiveness and taste, I recommend the Victor recording with Price and Vickers; for a performance in which accurately and beautifully shaped vocal phrases fit into an accurately and beautifully shaped orchestral context, I recommend Toscanini's.

Another young conductor, Ozawa, leads his Toronto Symphony in a well-paced performance of Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* on a CBS record. Again I prefer Colin Davis' performance on a Philips record because of the finer playing of the London Symphony and the clearer reproduction of the textures.

One of the best of Prokofiev's later works, his Symphony No. 5, is performed very effectively on a low-priced Crossroads record by Slovak with the Czech Philharmonic.

In Bach's writing for the organ, as in his other writing, the prodigious technical powers produce results which are always impressive as tonal engineering, but not always as expressive communication. But several of his most moving large-scale works—the Passacaglia and Fugue, the best-known Toccata and Fugue in D minor and Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, the Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C—are among those in the first volume (L3C-6066) of Epic's recordings of all his organ music. Lionel Rogg's performances are good; and they come off the records as most organ performances do, with the contrapuntal lines made indistinct at times by reverberation.

The beautiful and secure mezzo-soprano voice and unfailing musical intelligence and taste that delighted audiences at Janet Baker's first appearances here last year are to be heard in the old English songs by Dowland, Campian, Purcell and others on one side of an Angel record, and in the less interesting modern ones by Stanford, Parry, Warlock, Quilter and others on the reverse side.

A number of the most important of RCA Victor's newly edited Toscanini recordings are on the eight low-priced records of VIC-8000. They offer chiefly performances of Beethoven's nine symphonies that are yet to be surpassed, and in several instances—notably the *Eroica* and Ninth—to be equalled, in rightness of pacing and shaping and in expressive effect. They are the swifter, tauter, subtler performances of Toscanini's last years, as against the more relaxed and expansive earlier ones; but in this later style they retain the characteristic Toscanini plasticity and grace—which is to say that they are not, as some allege, hard-driven, rigid and tense. The original recordings varied in quality of sound—the Ninth, for example, being clear and solid, but without the spaciousness and luster of the *Pastoral,* recorded only a few months earlier; and some were damaged by editors' electronic manipulation, which was largely undone in the revised versions of 1956. The present editor couldn't change the airless sound of most of No. 2; but he managed to brighten the dull sound of most of No. 4, and to give much of No. 5 the solidity it lacked; and the rest, though without the spaciousness of Nos. 3, 6 and 7, are agreeable and well-balanced. If one increases their solidity with additional bass and cancels most of the editor's treble boosts, one has the best-sounding versions thus far. However I must add this: the sound of the original tape of No. 8, which I heard, was unique in its spaciousness, solidity, warmth and luster; but the editor who made it from the original the tape used in processing the first commercial records removed the spaciousness, solidly,

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warmth and luster; and it is this working tape with its inferior sound that the editor of the Victrolas has chosen to use instead of the original. Since it was Victor's intention to put the original sound of the recordings on the Victrola records, it should have the Eighth remade in accordance with that intention.

In addition to the symphonies, the album offers a tremendous performance of Beethoven's *Coriolan* Overture, a performance of his strange *Consecration of the House* Overture with beautifully matched tempos that make of its several sections a coherent progression, and superb performances of the *Egmont* and *Prometheus* Overtures——with good sound that can be made better in the first two with additional bass and treble, and in the third with reduction of treble. And with these orchestral works we get Toscanini's performance of the Adagio and Scherzo of the Quartet Op. 135 with the NBC Symphony strings that one violinist said he had never heard any quartet approach (good sound, but add bass and reduce treble); and a delightful performance of the early Septet with the additional strings Toscanini thought necessary to balance the three winds (excellent sound).

B. H. HAGGIN

BRAVERMANS WAKE

THE SCREEN

After reviewing "Charlie Bubbles" and "The Fox" last week and having several more very off-beat films this week, I'm beginning to wonder if this is the season for oddballs. Oddest of the new lot is "Bye, Bye, Braverman," a sort of comic threnody about four Jewish New Yorkers who make their way to Brooklyn for the furneral of their good old friend, Leslie Braverman. We never see Braverman, but at the picture's beginning we are introduced to the four friends, each in his home neighborhood in various parts of New York. Youngest of the four, all of whom are fortyish, is George Segal who is at home in bed with his wife on this Sunday morning when Inez Braverman (Jessica Walter) phones to say her husband fell dead. Segal is shocked—mainly because Braverman owed him money, and then because his own wife (Zohra Lampert) objects to his going to the widow who disdained her husband and yearns for Segal. One-by-one, Segal phones the other three friends and arranges to meet them in Greenwich Village: Joseph Wiseman, who has just had a fight with his sponging poet-son, refused him money, and slapped his face—and now asks God why He took Braverman instead of the worthless youth; Jack Warden, who is still enjoying a weekend with his mistress (Phyllis Newman); Sorrell Booke, a writer who is just settling down to type an article but is glad like all writers to have an excuse to get away from the typewriter, so he offers to drive the other three to the funeral in his new Volkswagen. At the meeting place, surly Wiseman at first refuses to ride in this German-made car, but the other three persuade him; and off they set on the long ride merrily discussing everything and everyone—except Braverman.

It's hard to tell what on earth producer-director Sidney Lumet and writer Herbert Sargent (who based his script on Wallace Markfield's *To an Early Grave*) had in mind in making this strange comedy that is not so much black as gray. No doubt the Jewish dialogue, vernacular, attitudes are correct but accuracy alone does not make for entertainment; and after while these Jewish characters behaving and talking like vaudeville clowns making fun of themselves get rather tiresome. The only character developed in any depth is Segal's as he imagines from time to time that he is the dead man, that he is a policeman coming to tell his wife of his death, that he overhears two men discussing his career, that he is digging his own grave in the cemetery, etc.

Is "Bye, Bye Braverman" meant to be a Jewish "Finnegans Wake" as the four men ride on and on through nicely color-photographed New York and Brooklyn scenes? It has its moving episodes, best of which is Segal's soliloquy among endless rows of tombstones as he discusses the Jewish will to survive over all adversities. But it also has its tasteless scenes, like the encounter with the Jewish Negro taxi driver (Godfrey Cambridge) who finally brings out a bottle and sends them on their way somewhat tipsy, or the episode in which they attend the funeral service and finally discover at the end that they are at the wrong funeral—and then wonder if they haven't grieved enough for one day anyway. The film's final shot, however, is worth waiting for. Perhaps the answer is (to parody the current ad slogan: "You don't have to be Jewish to" etc.): You *do* have to be Jewish to appreciate "Bye, Bye, Braverman."

If "Braverman" is a gray comedy, "The Anniversary" is the blackest of black. It tells a story of a family in which the three sons are dominated by the widowed mother, a woman who would make Medea or Lady Macbeth look like Pollyanna. Her sons are really no prizes either, as we discover, as the family gathers to celebrate mom's wedding anniversary, though her husband has been dead for ten years. Mom won't let go. Second son wants to run away to Canada with his wife and five children. The trick mom plays on them shouldn't happen to a dog. The eldest son is a transvestite and is about to be arrested for stealing some women's underclothes that very night. And the youngest son, perhaps the favorite, makes the mistake of bringing home his fiancee to meet this delectable family on this anniversary night. How mom fixes him is the final clincher.

Perhaps this English film, based on Bill McIllwraith's

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play, could have worked on the stage where the audience could have drawn back in horror, but in the movie, as directed by Roy Ward Baker with plenty of close-ups, one can't escape these monsters, especially Bette Davis who wears a patch over one eye as mom. Actually Miss Davis' performance is rather restrained, all things considered. Bette plays mom straight and succeeds in doing what she sets out to do: show us a mom who will put an end forever to all momism. The trouble is, though, who will stay to see it through? PHILIP T. HARTUNG

POOR MAN'S COMPUTER

MEDIA

The *I Ching*, or Book of Changes, has done well in the secular city of New York. Well, at any rate, for a book of its type, obscure, puzzling, a Chinese cultural classic to be sure, and an oracle, which is even more to the point, but a book nonetheless that really must be seen and even then it eludes belief. Yet the Richard Wilhelm translation of the *I Ching* (Bollingen), preferred by most users of the oracle, sold out last fall. Copies were not to be had, new, used or reproduced on the friendly xerox machine.

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The *I Ching* continues to gain new readers, but since the Bollingen edition became available again in November, even the modest fad it engendered has passed its way, leaving a few echoes and a small, faithful, following. The reason is not hard to guess. On inspection the text of the *I Ching*, after the superlative opening of the first hexagram, "The Creative," proves to be very demanding, almost certain to put off somebody contemplating a difficult love affair or middle-class exile in Canada. On this count alone it can't be placed in the same class with ouija boards and popular astrology.

Indeed, the one thing the *I Ching* has in abundance is something quite different from the literary merits, say, of the Bible, which wins it a billet in the college world literature courses. The style is unremittingly poetic, elliptic, non-idealistic, given to sudden flashes of lucidity, occasionally pointing a mysterious finger to ancestral doors, but always, and here it differs most from religious texts, maintaining a middle register, a tentative tone, a pervasive regard for circumstances. Its definition of strength as "doing something easily" captures its flair of the relative statement, the remark that says just about all that can be said and not a jot more. Force, seen in this light, would be a sign of weakness, as in having to force a door open because one has mislaid the key. The "superior man" frequently referred to in the text always possesses the key, or if not he seeks out the "great man" who does. And so forth.

In an oracular work, a book designed around circumstances, situations, changes, inter-relationships rather than ends, this may seem incidental, however charming. Yet one is never quite certain that behind the tactful, modest facade there is not the light laughter of a Lao-Tse. Oracles! Who knows. . . . Apparently a number of the contributors to the present text, sages and scholars mostly, dating from pre-Confucian times, were intrigued by just such a possibility. The icy wind of the ancient world, which howls occasionally in even the most sophisticated of its literature, is curiously by-passed in the *I Ching*, which at times seems pre-historic, in touch with primal elements that suggest cave drawings rather than later village life and husbandry.

As a cultural import, the *I Ching* represents only the most recent incarnation of that apparently perennial phenomenon, the West's discovery of the East. In this yawning context, it is just a morsel among many others, from Mao's little book and the cultural revolution (cum poster art), Zen, traveling Indian yogis and raga, to the latest newsreel face of the enemy. The twain may meet, but the love is mainly Platonic.

However, there is another level of the *I Ching* on which relations can, and do, become intimate. On this level the book's system of hexagrams, a series of 64 phases representing the divine and natural order of things, works as a sort of mandala reflecting the reader's own mental state. The hexagrams are ladder-like struc-

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tures composed of a sequence of six lines which are either solid, yang, light, strong (—), or broken, yin, dark, yielding (— —). Or any combination thereof. Two to the sixth power, or 64, represents all the possible combinations. There are further refinements, as well as a judgment, image and commentaries attached to each hexagram, and more commentaries on each line.

For example, when asking the oracle whether it was agreeable to having this column devoted to it, the hexagram Enthusiasm came up. Speaking of itself, it remarks that "When one possesses something great and is modest, there is sure to be enthusiasm." It adds, however, that "enthusiasm leads to inertia." Thus the judgment reads "It furthers one to install helpers/ And to set armies marching." It then goes on to speak of "devotion to movement," the need for preparation; and in the image of enthusiasm: "Thunder comes resounding out of the earth," it casts a glance at the unformed primal matter called forth by enthusiasm, from which ancient kings made music (gave form) that was offered to (as worthy of) the Supreme Deity.

As one can see, the text allows for considerable latitude in interpretation, at least on the rational plane. It is rather like relating a Delphic grunt to the month's telephone bill, the meaning of which can be delved into only in terms of the recipient's own non-rational and perhaps unconscious attitudes. On this level the *I Ching* is a work of psychological genius. With its binary, yin-yang system, it suggests a structural model of the human mental process, much like the far cruder electronic computer. However, a mirror analogy conveys much better both the subtlety of its human insights and the tentative quality of its mechanism, an either/or attitude that makes both the cake and the eating seem frivolous.

But if the scientific West can meet the mystical East on these grounds, the oracle is something else again. Yet the use of the book as an oracle follows almost naturally from its other attributes. Even the Bible and Koran, much different type books, are not exempt from stabs of pins wielded by pony players. Implicit in this, as in the yarrow stalk and coin methods of consulting the *I Ching*, which also work on a random principle, is that there is no such thing as sheer chance, that, on the contrary, everything is inter-related down to the minutiae of a coin throw according to fixed laws that govern both heaven and earth. In itself, this does not differ essentially from astrology, which relates the hour and date of birth to the position of celestial bodies whose laws are presumably fixed and known. Where astrology, the *I Ching*, and other oracular systems part company is on the nature of the relevant laws. Astrology sees meaning in the course of the stars; the authors of the *I Ching* take their laws from the cycles of the year and of life generally, with its birth and death, ebb and flow, waxing and waning, and

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so forth. The whole has been arranged and refined into a rich Confucian system that meanders over the shoals of change with scarcely a ripple on its smooth surface. The proper aspect, one might add, of an oracle or a sage, for whom the weave always surpasses the strands. However, behind the mask of the oracle there must be a man who lives by strands himself. If he'd only stop laughing for a second, I'd like to ask him a question. PAUL VELDE

BOOKS

Man, machines and Mumford

The Myth of the Machine

LEWIS MUMFORD

Harcourt, Brace, $8.95

EDWARD T. CHASE

Lewis Mumford's twenty-second book —he is 71—ends with speculations about Leonardo da Vinci's sixteenth-century premonitions of a nightmare future for mankind. Leonardo pictures the human species as ravaged by an unthinkably immense monster, who drives the survivors to hide in holes and caves like crabs and crickets. Mumford suggests that Leonardo is predicting the malign technology of today, with its "hideous scientifically engineered exterminations," "the airborne atomic, bacterial and chemical weapons that now have it in their power to wipe out all of mankind."

Mumford's speculations cover the origins of human culture back to tens of thousands of years of pre-history, and he is too sophisticated to confine his fears about technology only to weaponry. He is concerned with what he calls "megamachines"—a typical neologism (originally referring to the band of slaves who built the pyramids) which covers modern super-technology, the prodigies of nuclear physics, cybernetics (computer-directed automation), and other arcane science: everything that can turn man into automaton.

But the "myth" in the book's title is a note of intended encouragement. Man's nature is biased toward autonomy and against submission to external forces. His primary commitment is to language and symbol and culture-making, i.e., to human ends, and it is a modern heresy to transfer this commitment to technological means. Mumford's indictment here extends beyond the obvious technocrats to include Karl Marx, for his error in giving "the material instruments of production the central place," and Teilhard de Chardin, for sentimentalizing scientific and technological developments, and seeing only their benign effects.

It has become fashionable in various circles to patronize Mumford as a Victorian relic, addicted to a never-never land vision of organic communities in garden towns, a suspiciously superficial scholar of vast but undigested learning, who persists in remaining a moralizing scold, increasingly irrelevant in the transformed world of the late twentieth-century. This won't do, though. Mumford can be foolish and perverse, yes. But as anyone who has followed his writings or has worked with him knows, he peculiarly combines the qualities of the hard-headed alert reporter unshaken by the most bewildering evidence, and a bold penchant for generalization. The first trait, concreteness, rescues him, usually, from the pitfalls of the second.

Even conceding Mumford's old-fashioned devotion to a humanism too narrow to accommodate the motor car and glass-enclosed air-conditioned skyscrapers, the fact is that in sensing broad trends he is breathtakingly *au courant*. There is an uncanny identity, for example, in tone and thesis between *The Myth Of The Machine* and another recent major book, John Kenneth Galbraith's *The New Industrial State*, (Houghton, Mifflin, $6.95). Galbraith's treatise on the U.S. productive system also sounds the alarm over man's diminishment and distortion as he dedicates himself to the technological juggernaut. "I am led to the conclusion that we are becoming the servants in thought, as in action, of the machine we have created to serve us. . . . If we continue to believe that the goals of the industrial system . . . are coordinate with life, then all of our lives will be in the service of these goals. . . . Our wants will be managed in accordance with the needs of the industrial system; the policies of the state will be subject to similar influence; education will be adapted to industrial need; the disciplines required by the industrial system will be the conventional morality of the community. . . . There will eventuate, on the whole, the benign servitude of the household retainer who is taught to love her mistress and see her interests as her own, and not the compelled servitude of the field hand. But it will not be freedom."

A concern with the impact of applied science now dominates the most alert minds in sociology and political science, and, lately, in government too, though more because of events than theories. The protracted unemployment of the late 1950's and early 1960's, plus the Negro rights revolution, led many intellectuals to conclude that an accelerating rate of technical productivity was causing a new kind of massive structural unemployment. One consequence was that the badly educated and the inexperienced young might find themselves permanently denied a role in the economy, as Daniel Bell stressed in his paper, *The Post-Industrial Society*. Hence the amazing support for the con-

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cept of a guaranteed income for all, and the great, still unsettled, debate between the structuralists and the neo-Keynesians, with their faith in the sufficiency of aggregate demand economics. The creation of the President's Commission on Technology, Automation and Economic Progress certified the national government's interest in the technology issue.

In this book Mumford does not directly confront such recent details, to be sure. But apart from the new weaponry, these developments are the most palpable current developments related to his theories. And Mumford will confront such details as mass leisure in an announced sequel. He will surely also have to grapple with his great antagonist Jacques Ellul, author of *The Technological Society*, whom Mumford never once cites in his book, surprisingly enough, but by whom, we know, he has been profoundly disturbed. It is Ellul, beyond any other contemporary sociologist, who has set forth an overwhelmingly grim analysis of mankind inevitably enslaved by technology. Ellul argues that since technology's very essence is to drive for perfection of means, in time every other consideration has to be subordinated to this drive.

Mumford has already counterattacked Ellul thunderously in a long paper. But for all Ellul's extravagances and even errors of historical fact, he won't go away. The issue he raises is deeply affecting scholars of varying disciplines and persuasion. *The Myth of the Machine* is in effect Mumford's supreme rebuttal to Ellul and his doomsday followers. As such it is a book that must be reckoned with. And, like Galbraith's, it is a book that will last.

No Laughing Matter

ANGUS WILSON

Viking, $6.95

ELEANOR DIENSTAG

Angus Wilson is not one to sweep you off your feet with passion. His style is ironic, bitter, sharp and even when it deals with the emotions, utterly cerebral. Why then did he choose for his latest novel that form—the family chronicle—to which he is least suited, which by its very nature veers towards the sentimental, the personal, the melodramatic? No doubt Mr. Wilson believed he could twist the form to his cynical, detached style and indeed *No Laughing Matter* bears little resemblance to the accepted classics of the genre. But can you de-sentimentalize a sentimental form and get away with it? Can you keep the reader going for 500 pages?

After ploughing through the first 150 pages of *No Laughing Matter* the answer would seem to be an unequivocal no. We are introduced to the bizarre Matthews family strolling about the grounds of a Wild West Exhibition in all their Edwardian finery. It is the year 1911 and the sun has not yet set on the British Empire. However, as with England itself, the aura of blissful, elegant tranquility emanating from the Matthews family is an illusion. Actually, their domestic scene is more out of

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"Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf " than anything faintly Victorian. William "Billy Pop" Matthews is one of those ruddy, upper-class English failures who cannot support his family as a free-lance writer, cannot satisfy his wife's sexual or social yearnings, and who retreats to the Club whenever things get rough. His wife, "The Countess," is an unmitigated horror. Vain, openly promiscuous, bitter and acid-tongued, she expends her charm and energy on cajoling money from rich relatives and destroying her six children. The big question, then, is what will happen to the children?

As though annoyed with the reader for being so predictably curious about the fate of his characters, Angus Wilson does his best to shrivel that curiosity. Instead of a driving narrative which sweeps the reader forward, he deliberately cuts into his plot line with varying technical devices which are supposed to "alienate" the reader in the Brechtian sense but only succeed in boring him. Family scenes whose point could have been made in a few pages are turned into lengthy theatrical playlets, others are rerun as excerpts from a novel being written by one of the children, and finally there is a ritualized game in which the six children re-create the events that have just taken place.

By now the reader is turning pages from habit and more than a few will have already given up. Which is a pity for just as one is about to despair of anything happening, Mr. Wilson's static beast of a family novel takes off. There is a leap forward in time, from the year 1919 to the year 1925. The children leave home, take their first disparate steps, and we are at last permitted the old-fashioned pleasure of being feverishly curious about their fate.

The Matthews' children come of age between the two world wars. Only Quentin, the eldest, is drafted into World War I and he emerges from it with a sizable hole in his shoulder and a keen appreciation of political realities. An aggressive, loveless womanizer, he becomes a brilliant left-wing journalist whose early disillusionment with Communism earns him the hatred of both political extremes. Those chapters dealing with his visit to Spain in search of an "atrocity," and a 1935 trip to Russia, are undoubtedly the finest in the book, cameo scenes which convey the innocence, on all sides, of the politically committed of Quentin's generation.

Gladys Matthews, the victim of her father's sexual advances, escapes into an even more fatal relationship with a dynamic, married businessman, Alfred. Their 30-year liaison, based on a deception and resulting in Gladys' incarceration, ends on an oddly cheerful note with Alfred's wife and Gladys becoming the best of friends, and Gladys emerging from prison a tweedy, vigorous, good-humored specimen of English civility.

The twins, Sukey and Margaret, pursue opposite goals. Sukey craves middle-class normality, marries a schoolteacher and cares about nothing but her children, while Margaret, who loathes children, becomes a famous novelist admired for her biting, ironic fiction. Rupert, the classic English pretty boy, chooses an acting career and is relatively successful at it. And the youngest, Marcus, whose effeminate nature aroused the greatest cruelty from "The Countess," becomes one of England's leading art experts and a flagrant homosexual, saved from the seamier side of homosexuality by the love of a rich, Jewish aesthete with whom he shares his complete adult life.

An enormous span of time, 50 years, is elliptically conveyed through brief but quintessential scenes in the lives of each character at 10-year intervals.

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REVIEWERS

EDWARD T. CHASE writes frequently on social and cultural questions for this magazine.

ELEANOR DIENSTAG, a free-lance writer and critic, was formerly an editor of the satirical review, *Monocle*.

DAVID S. FRENCH is an instructor in Economics at Lincoln University in Pennsylvania.

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And because each of the Matthews swims in a different milieu, every social level is glimpsed with its special attitudes toward the major questions of the day—especially politics. England's compromising role between the wars is subject to the greatest scrutiny by Mr. Wilson. Indeed at times the six Matthews appear to be more vehicles for political observation than characters in their own right. Gladys, as a businesswoman, rubs elbows with German Nazis and learns to live with it for the sake of her business, whereas Sukey does her best to ignore the inevitable approach of war. Though Marcus, Margaret and Rupert find themselves speaking out against fascism, they are heartily contemptuous of each other's motives and grasp of the facts.

Beside the impending tragedy of history, the private lives of the Matthews seem strangely insignificant. Or perhaps it is simply that Angus Wilson lacks whatever it takes to fashion in-depth portraits of six diverse human beings. Whatever the reason, *No Laughing Matter,* though it is nothing short of brilliant as a social and political document, does not succeed as a human one. Despite our curiosity about the Matthews, we do not end up caring about them.

The Economics of Poverty

THOMAS BALOGH

Macmillan, $7.95

Economic Policies Toward Less Developed Countries

HARRY G. JOHNSON

Brookings, $6.75

Trade, Aid and Development

JOHN PINCUS

McGraw-Hill, $10

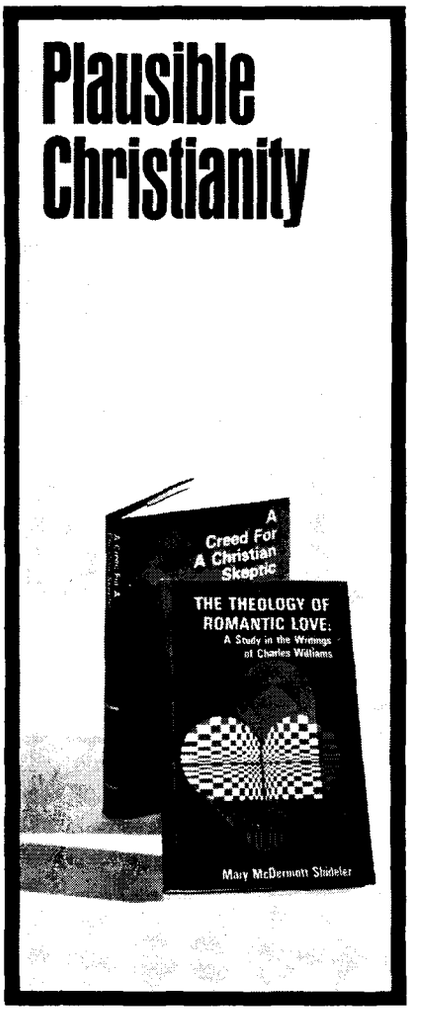
DAVID FRENCH

When the U.N. Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD) convenes in India early this year, developing nations are likely to insist on implementing the principles adopted at UNCTAD's first meeting in 1964: liberalization of terms and scope of foreign aid, extension of preferences to manufactured imports from less-developed countries (LDCs), and conclusion of commodity stabilization agreements. UNCTAD's success will be contingent upon a sympathetic review by Western countries, particularly the United States, of national policies toward these matters.

Thomas Balogh's *The Economics of Poverty* should be read in this context. Balogh's point of departure is the development process within LDCs themselves, where he stresses the role of agricultural growth as the "fulcrum" of general development. To insure such growth, governments are urged to intervene to compensate for the price mechanism imperfections which characterize LDCs. Generally scornful of the propulsive effects of improved terms of trade in this process, Balogh insists on an increased flow of aid, to be allocated according to the "absorptive capacity" of the countries involved.

Regrettably, Balogh is inconsistent on these (and most other) points. In contrast to the arguments above, he twice credits favorable terms of trade for rapid post-war capital accumulation by LDCs. In discussing the Indian economy, he all but forgets the agricultural sector in calling for accelerated industrial progress, warning that even government efforts to this end must be guided by the existing price structure. And aid to India proves to have nothing to do with absorptive capacity, being rather a means of checking the spread of Asiatic Communism. At one point, Balogh criticizes idealistic "goody-wooleys," whose "defective intellectual analysis" makes them "almost as great a menace as the ex-imperial-surrealists"; it is a fitting epitaph for his own work.

Harry Johnson's *Economic Policies Toward Less Developed Countries* is intellectually less defective than delusive. Cloaked always in the garb of "scientific economics," Johnson cranks out apple-pie homilies which together amount to little more than an apology for the status quo. "Regardless of how governments in less developed countries


Plausible Christianity
A Creed For A Christian Skeptic
THE THEOLOGY OF ROMANTIC LOVE:
A Study in the Writings of Charles Williams
Mary McDermott Shideler

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by Mary McDermott Shideler. A stimulating and provocative discussion of belief, based on the Apostles' Creed, for those who feel that Christianity as traditionally understood has little to say to today's world. She uses the Creed not as a fence to separate believers from unbelievers, but as a series of signposts that point fellow pilgrims along the Christian way. *"This exposition . . . is in the tradition of the reasonable theology of C. S. Lewis, Dorothy Sayers, and Charles Williams, with the welcome additional dimension of consistent psychological insight . . . describes a plausible Christianity and shows how it applies to the human condition . . ."*— Samuel J. Wylie, Dean, General Theological Seminary. 172 Pages, Cloth, $3.95.

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may visualize their objectives," he tells us, "the true interests of their peoples lie in achieving the most efficient possible economic system." In practice, this dictates reliance on free-trade and free-enterprise mechanisms to the exclusion of the "inefficient" devices which UNCTAD prefers. Ultimately, Johnson can endorse only an American pledge not to increase existing restrictions on LDC exports, with the further possibility of lowering some of these barriers as part of a broader effort to liberalize world trade.

In a Johnsonian world, LDCs would continue to be dependent on the export of primary products, doubtful though this would be as a means of development. As the rich nations grew richer, demand for these goods would increase somewhat, and creation of processing facilities in LDCs themselves might become profitable. Much necessary capital would come from private foreign sources, who would best be able to create "efficient" economic units. Conflicts would arise only in unduly "nationalistic" countries, which have an "irrational" resistance to foreign investment, preferring to maintain control over their own "economic destiny." For all its superficial plausibility, this is less "scientific economics" than an extension into international affairs of the American concept of the Good Nigger, whose inferior position is ordained by a higher natural order and whose best interests lie in having his "destiny" directed by his benefactors.

In sharp contrast to Balogh and Johnson, John Pincus has provided an admirable study in his *Trade, Aid, and Development.* Far from being "scientific," approaches which relieve developed countries of any special obligation to assist the poor appear to Pincus as "something much uglier—a refusal to accept responsibility for others, because the South is weak and the North is strong." Replying to arguments that "efficiency" criteria must be controlling, he maintains that it is "idle to stress the virtues of static comparative advantage in a free trade situation, in face of the obvious fact that today's rich countries always favored industrial development via protection when they were relatively poor." Pincus would be willing to experiment with commodity agreements and temporary preferences as development measures, and he suggests that foreign investment in LDCs be specifically designed to allow for eventual transfer of ownership to local interests.

Pincus is far from optimistic, however, about the willingness of developed nations to mount any major attack on LDC growth problems. While Balogh and Johnson assume that the West has long since committed itself to such an attack, Pincus feels that this commitment remains largely a function of immediate strategic and commercial aims. As currently "the security and the prosperity of the West do not depend in any significant way on the fate of the under-developed countries," Pincus concludes that barring unforeseen political developments, the LDCs cannot look to dramatic increases in Western support. To the degree that this analysis is correct, next year's UNCTAD meetings are likely to lead nowhere, with Western intransigence obscured by a cloud of Johnsonian platitudes. According to Pincus, the present situation is "scandalous"; it is likely to remain so.

With growing dissent on Vietnam

and tension in the Church...

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3/8/68

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 671)

is owed the same kind of truthfulness in its casting and mounting. I would object strongly, and for the same reasons, if Joan were played by an infant prodigy, a crone of 90, or a man.

It is not surprising to find Mr. Macdonald, in the throes of Messianic zeal, a messy thinker. The black production of *Hello, Dolly!* is the reverse of what I was talking about, and, though just as unconvincing, the pious delight of $9.90 integrationists. As for Olivier's Othello: first, England is not so racially oversensitive as America; secondly, there are no Negro actors in England—and very few in America—who could play the part on the level demanded by the

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National Repertory Theatre; thirdly, the part of Othello has traditionally been played by whites, often not in blackface—which, of course, is not to say that qualified Negro actors should not take it over when feasible.

But the Emperor Jones, even assuming that he could be played by a white actor, should not be when there are plenty of gifted Negro actors around whom this would deprive of rightful employment. *The Hairy Ape*, however, I never mentioned, and I wonder just what it is in Mr. Macdonald's thought that, in the context of Negro actors, produced this odd bit of—dare I say—"racist linkage"?

No doubt the cause of the Negro deserves and needs every friend it can get; but I wonder whether a hysterical watchdog is, in fact, the black man's best friend. JOHN SIMON

Upgrading Philadelphia

Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors: In the interest of scholarship we wish to thank Arlene Swidler for pointing out the missing H in ICTHUS (Interested Catholics to Help Upgrade the Seminary). Perhaps we should change it to Interested Catholics HOPING to Help Upgrade the Seminary. We need an element of hope considering the increasing apathy and rugged indifference to aggiornamento of so many Catholics in Philadelphia. . .

IC(H)THUS was established in response to the needs of the seminarians expressed in a "white" paper elaborating the deficiencies of St. Charles Borromeo Seminary in light of the documents of Vatican Council II. Its fourfold purpose is: a) to assist in raising the academic standards of the seminary at least to those of a liberal arts college that the seminary might become a fully accredited institution, b) to establish greater rapport between seminarians, their faculty and the Catholic community, c) to work cooperatively on social problems and issues facing the total community, d) to help remove elements of artificiality, servility and superficiality that have forced so many good candidates for the priesthood to withdraw and others to states of anxiety, fear and insecurity which minimize, if not indeed negate, the exercise of their ministry in Philadelphia.

The response of seminary officials has been less than enthusiastic to IC(H)THUS and possibly even punitive to those within the seminary who have encouraged us (witness the cases of Leahy and Massimini). While applications for the seminary decrease and attrition rates increase, and while the Diocesan schools of Philadelphia claim an operating deficit of $4-5 million, Cardinal Krol tells 250 pastors that in 1968 funds will be collected for a new multimillion dollar edifice on the seminary grounds.

We wonder just what renewal means in Philadelphia! ED AND JEAN CAHILL

The Travel Tax

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: In your editorial, "The Deficit Context" (Jan. 19), you state: "undoubtedly such a tax would work a hardship on the many thousands of middle-income people who travel to Europe for purposes of recreation, etc. And just as undoubtedly it would not have much effect on the travel plans of the rich. . . . But is this really a significant worry?" Yes, it is. In a country claiming to be democratic, laws passed which favor the rich *should* be a worry. This travel tax would be passed with the whole world looking on. The great crisis of today is the inability of America to live up to its promises of equality and here we would be simply adding to the problem. Why not a total embargo on traveling for rich and middle-class and poor alike? Let us be consistent for once.

Perhaps I'm making a mountain out of a molehill but I can't help feeling that somewhere we have to start being a democracy. This seems to me like a good place to begin. JOAN R. CHALLINOR

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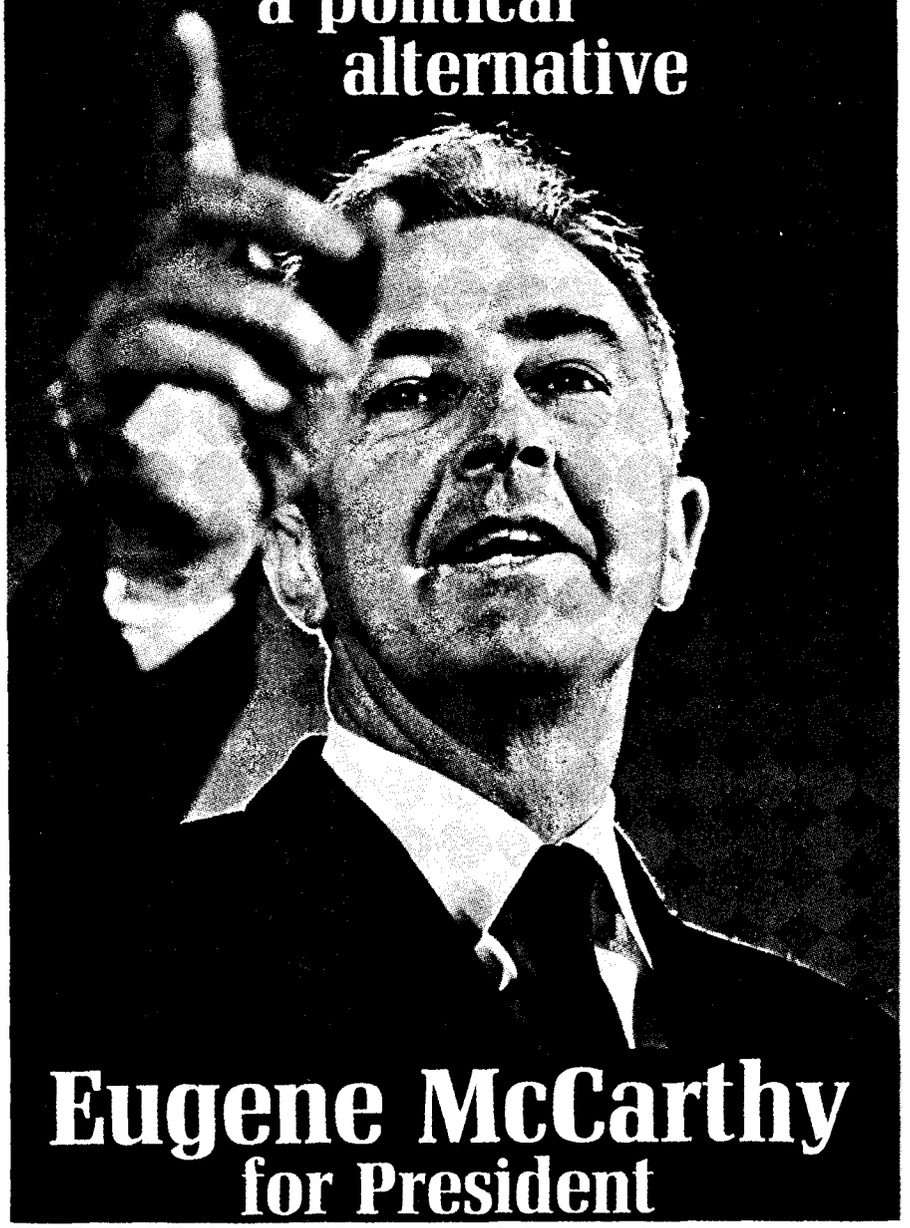

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